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LIZZIE JOHNSON



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# The Story of Lizzie L. Johnson

TWENTY YEARS A SHUT-IN

By FRANCIS WESLEY WARNE

One of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church



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## DEDICATED

**T**O the comfort of the invalid corps, ■ large and meritorious class of patient endurers of prolonged physical suffering, and as an inspiration to service for those who have health.

“And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.”

As a matter of history, life has rarely been accused or denounced by its really deep sufferers. Like our Lord, all deep sufferers, the martyr-spirits, have not cursed life, but have blessed it. Explain it as you will, the fact is that the great sufferers have been great believers; and they have been most sure of God who were sure of nothing else.

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## INTRODUCTION

**B**ISHOP WARNE does not speculate, he narrates. His books have a genesis, a quality and a mission all their own. They are the spontaneous product of a living soul and a quickening spirit long in closer contact with facts than the chemist in his laboratory. They move in the realm of reality and are more convincing and conclusive than philosophies, psychologies, and theologies; the testimony under oath of an unimpeachable witness concerning things he knows and is a part of.

Ever since his unanswerable volume *A Covenant-Keeping God* came, two years ago, I have kept it near for rereading; it is here on my desk now.

This new book, an unparalleled chapter of Christian history, casts a similar spell and is equally engrossing. I prize the privilege of this brief Introduction, which might easily be amplified at length, but need not be. The book will speak for itself powerfully to all who read it.

WILLIAM V. KELLEY.



## PREFACE

BISHOP MCINTYRE wrote of Lizzie Johnson: "The heroic ages of our faith never held up a whiter soul than Lizzie Johnson. She sweetly shames us common disciples by her serene trust and sublime hope. The Shekinah light in her frail body made a lamp for the feet of many back to the Father's home." Of a little book called *From Pillow to Throne*, written by one of her pastors and made up mostly of quotations from Lizzie's *Journal*, he also wrote: "The book ought to be one of the classics of Christianity. It melted me to tears. The vision of our Lord therein abides with me. Oh, that all our church could see it!" The best of the quotations to which Bishop McIntyre refers are reproduced in this volume.

I find in the Central Christian Advocate: "Methodism has not been bereft of her share of saintly characters. Among them few names gleam with such luster as that of Lizzie Johnson. The twenty-seven years she spent in pain—at times that pain was most racking—during these years she was never able to be lifted even to an inclined position. Through these long years her mail came in as many as fifty letters and cards a day. These letters she attended to, though every motion was attended with pain."

She died in 1909, during a session of the Illinois Conference. The report of her death so stirred the Conference that Bishop Goodsell honored the Con-

ference by designating a delegation of six of its distinguished members to be her pallbearers.

As the story in the book will unfold very unexpectedly, though seemingly providentially, in 1904 a part of my life-work became related to that of Lizzie Johnson. The same Providence in a very remarkable manner has, so far, kept part of my life-work related to hers. In writing the story of her life I have imitated the methods of the Master and tried to state the facts clearly and let them make their own impact. The impressions on my own life have been many. I have written this story while lying in bed—that is, learning from Lizzie Johnson, I have tried to make use of my handicap. Though I have been comparatively free from pain, yet, after a long, active life, I have not found it easy to lie patiently in bed even for a brief time. During this time her example has shamed me out of impatience and helped me to be patient, as there has come over me almost a worshipful reverence for her amazing patience and perseverance in serving while suffering, and for the cheerfulness with which she toiled through many, not weeks or months, but years of incessant and often excruciating pain. This life story is, therefore, sent forth on its mission, after the manner in which it has appealed to me, and helped me, with the hope that it may not be useless, but suggestive, encouraging, inspiring, and comforting to others.

Believing that:—

“The tidal wave of deeper souls,  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares,  
Out of our meaner cares.” (Longfellow.)

I am indebted for quotations from Lizzie Johnson's *Journal* to the Reverend Charles W. Jacobs, one of her pastors, who published a book called *From Pillow to Throne*, and also to Miss M. Alice Johnson, her younger sister, for very much valuable help such as supplying facts, reading my manuscript, and certifying that the statements made concerning her sister are correct. This younger sister, jointly with her mother, cared for Lizzie through her long illness, and during many months after the mother took to her bed, the younger sister had the care of both. Lizzie could not be moved to see her mother, so the mother died and was buried without Lizzie seeing her. All this extra burden was on the younger sister. Of this, it has been written:

"The pathos of an invalid in one room, the mother whose life was fast ebbing away in another room, mother and invalid daughter being unable to speak or see each other, is beyond the ken of anyone to describe. Many people have written of long and sad journeys they have taken to make a pledge or sacrifice to some cause to which God has called them, but it is doubtful if anyone ever took a harder or longer journey than the youngest daughter of Mrs. Johnson took in the journey from the leaving of the mother in her last resting place back to the home of the sorrowing father and the invalid sister."

Then for three years after the mother's translation the younger sister had the entire responsibility of caring for Lizzie. The pastor at that time of the Johnson family relates that among the last things Lizzie said to him was in unbounded praise and thanksgiving for the self-sacrificing and loving man-

ner in which her younger sister had nursed her and patiently and lovingly ministered to her in every way that was possible.

In addition to all this, Miss M. Alice Johnson, after Lizzie's death, carried on her sister's work until she had raised an additional five thousand dollars and sent it to me in India, with which, and what the people there raised, a most beautiful memorial church to Lizzie Johnson was built in Cawnpore, India. But that story will be told in the body of the book. Still further, since her father—for whom she has cared up to the age of ninety—has now been translated, the younger sister, M. Alice Johnson, is willing to give any of her time God may call her to devote to raising funds in Lizzie's name, and to help in this is, in part, the explanation of why I am writing Lizzie's life.

F. W. W.



## BIOGRAPHICAL

Lizzie Johnson was born at Casey, Illinois, May 26, 1869.

Seized with incurable illness January, 1882.

Never able to have her head raised from her pillow after 1890.

Died September 14, 1909.

The following prophetic verses and suggestive ideals for all others were printed on the first tract Lizzie Johnson sent forth to help her in her work. How marvelously her vision and prayers have been, and are being fulfilled, the story in this book will unfold.

"I know my hand may never reap its sowing,  
And yet some others may;  
And I may never see it growing,  
So short my little day.

"Still must I sow, though I go forth weeping,  
I cannot, dare not stay;  
God grant a harvest, though I may be sleeping,  
Under the shadows gray."



## CHAPTER I

### FOURTEEN YEARS OF TESTING

**I**N the autumn of 1859 two men might have been seen to have entered what were the most common vehicles of travel, covered wagons, turning their two teams of horses toward the West. The covered wagons were the best of their day and the two teams of faithful horses were equal to the task of the journey which they had undertaken.

Five days these covered wagons moved slowly but steadily forward, until at the end of the fifth day the village of Terre Haute, Indiana, was reached.

Up to this time, in the settling of the central States, the Pennsylvania Railroad system had forged ahead with the progress of civilization and had its regular passenger trains running on a scheduled plan as far west as this village of Terre Haute. As the men in their wagons reached the section of the town where the railway could be seen, they saw an engine with its train approaching. Knowing that his team could not travel fast enough to reach the station in time to meet the incoming train, one of the men jumped from the wagon and outran his horses and met the train as it stopped at its accustomed place. Alighting from the train was a young mother in her early twenties, with her daughter in her arms, ready to meet her husband and enter the wagon with her husband and brother and together

finish their journey to found a new home on the virgin prairies of Illinois. So accurately had the distance and time of these people been estimated that the time of meeting had not varied for even five minutes.

Onward these people journeyed into Illinois, crossing the Wabash River by ferry, following the National Trail as far west as a small community, later known as Casey. Thence, they turned southward, eight miles. When they had reached their destination they were welcomed into a home already established, a commodious log cabin of two rooms.

The owner of the home was L. B. Sanford and his wife, who had settled in Illinois the year previous. They cordially welcomed these travel-worn people, from a sense of genial hospitality and also from a sense of near relationship, one of the men being a brother of Mr. Sanford, and the young woman, a sister, who with her husband, Mr. J. W. Johnson, had come to abide with them. This log cabin of two rooms was not only large enough for Mr. Sanford with his wife and child, Mr. Johnson, his wife and child, also the brother, but on the Sabbath there was ample space for all the neighbors to assemble and read the Word of God and pray together for one another and guidance in the establishment of their homes in the new country.

Soon a Methodist circuit rider came into the community. He too was welcomed into the home.

Within a few months Mr. Johnson had built for himself and family a house into which they moved. Here they lived for nine years, during which time three children were born. The farm on which Mr.

Johnson lived was not located within easy access for the children to attend school, so in the autumn of 1868 the Johnson family moved to Casey.

So anxious had been the parents of these children to have an early education for them that they were taught much at home. In May, 1869, a fifth child came into the home of these people, Lizzie Louvira, the character of this story. Later, a younger sister was born, named M. Alice Johnson. The whole family consisted of four daughters and one son.

The father became a lumber merchant and the youngest daughter plays a great part in Lizzie's story.

#### MY INTRODUCTION TO LIZZIE JOHNSON

When I was attending the General Conference in 1904, about twenty people said to me separately something like, "You ought to see Lizzie Johnson before you go back to India." So far as I can remember, up to that time I had known nothing about her except that among those who were sending special gifts to India there was one whose name was Lizzie Johnson; but the fact that so many persons urged this, impressed me that I should go and see her. So on the night of September 13, 1904, I left Chicago for Casey, Illinois. In my Journal of September 14 I find the following:

"September 14, 1904, Casey, Illinois. I spent the greater part of the day with Miss Lizzie Johnson and family. She has been for fourteen years on her back and has never been during that time in a sitting position. She receives and answers up to twenty letters a day, and has carried on this work until she

has supported workers on the mission fields whose combined service covered a period of over sixty years. It was a wonderful experience. I am going to write it up in tract form."

I did write it up, and Lizzie wrote that the tract did more to help her get a new constituency to which she could sell her book marks than anything else that came into her life.

I arrived in Casey, in the southern part of Illinois, about daylight on the morning of the 14th. I inquired of the station-master about the Johnson family and received instructions. As I now remember, this was a little frame house. As I did not then attach any special importance to the visit, it did not make a very permanent impression, for the day was but an unexpected incident in a busy life. I walked on a side street what seemed to me then a long distance. I found in a pleasant garden plot the neat home of the Johnson family. I rang the doorbell and a sweet-faced woman, Lizzie's mother, came to the door. I told her who I was, and why I had come, and asked whether I might see Lizzie. She told me she would see, as Lizzie was very ill, and so on. She gave me a seat in the parlor, left me alone, went to Lizzie's room, and in about half an hour came back and told me that Lizzie was now ready to see me. She then led me, as I remember, to a comparatively small room. The family gathered, and I, for the first time, heard Lizzie Johnson's story.

The first thing I noticed was that the windows were heavily curtained so as to let in the faintest amount of light, for Lizzie's eyes were so weak and sensitive that the room had to be kept darkened.



That is, Lizzie was not only a shut-in, but in a darkened room, and denied seeing all the beauties of nature. When my eyes got accustomed to the light, I saw a slight figure of a beautiful woman with lily white complexion, black eyes and hair, having a radiant countenance, refined with pain, illuminated with "the light that never was on land or sea," and thus made more delicate and spiritual than any face I had ever seen before, nor have I seen one like it since. There, little by little, I began to grasp the Lizzie Johnson story. The story, in brief outline, is that she had been a normal, healthy child, with unusual intellectual ability, and had gone to school like other children from the age of six to thirteen; but during her thirteenth year a mysterious disease of no ordinary type took hold of her spinal column. The original cause of it has never been discovered. It baffled the skill of the local physicians and specialists alike and crushed out her life by inches. An account of the efforts which were put forth by her loving parents to help her, and of specialists far and near that were consulted, makes a remarkable story which leaves the impression that a small fortune had been spent to bring about a cure; but neither love, money, nor medical skill could help her spinal trouble. But more of that later.

Two statements in particular interested me. The first, she was converted during her twelfth year and had joined the church the year before she was taken ill. This is fundamental, and but for that there would be no Lizzie Johnson story to tell. This will be given proper emphasis later in the lessons of her life.

The second thing that interested me was the fact of her being converted and loving Jesus and though all her earthly ambitions—and they were real and many—were blasted, yet she did not become embittered and sour, but consecrated her life to a special service. That which had specially appealed to her heart was William Taylor's story that fifty dollars would redeem an African slave girl. This story in a fuller form will be told later.

For the purpose of redeeming an African slave girl, and under great difficulties, while lying on her back, she had made a crazy quilt, which was the custom of that time, and which required many months of hard work. Concerning the making of this quilt, Lizzie herself afterward wrote:

"Each stitch caused pain, but the hope and expectation that my work would some day help others was a stimulant to work and a compensation for pain. The stitches were interwoven with prayer that the quilt might in some way result in aiding foreign missions. My special desire was to redeem one of the little African girls; but if unsuccessful in that direction, I was willing and anxious for it to be used to advance mission work in other lines."

The quilt was shown me that morning, and I wondered at the amount of perfect work put upon it, and have wondered more and more since. I have since shown it to specialists in fancy needlework and they have spent much time over it and pronounced it perfect in every one of the thousands of stitches necessary to make up the many flowers and the great variety of figures embroidered on this wonderful crazy quilt.

My heart was stirred as I tried to comprehend Lizzie's conception and toil through pain, and the fact, over which I wept like a child, that as a test of the faith of this suffering girl, that quilt had lain in that room as an additional test, unused and unsold, through fourteen years of incessant pain. In fourteen weary years of testing and excruciating pain not one soul had entered that sufferer's room, who had entered deeply enough into the great burning passion of Lizzie's heart to either buy or sell that quilt. The thought of such testing under such trying circumstances overwhelmed and melted me to tears. But I said, "Lizzie, I will sell your quilt." I had then my ticket in my pocket for returning to India. I took the quilt with me, and wherever I went, whether in the train, or in homes, or in the churches, I told the story and showed Lizzie Johnson's quilt, and asked those who could and would sympathize with Lizzie in her heart's desire to express their sympathy by putting an offering on the quilt. Thus, in the brief period before leaving for India, I raised for Lizzie Johnson six hundred dollars, and returned her quilt.

Under such faith-testing conditions, one of the things which emboldens me to write of her life as unparalleled in church history is the fact that although her quilt—the fruit of her pain—lay in her room through fourteen long years, yet she was not so made—though unable to lift her head from her pillow of pain—as to give up, but amidst all this she devised another scheme of making and selling bookmarks through which she raised and sent to the foreign missions of her church the magnificent sum of

twenty thousand dollars and supported workers that put in over a century and a half of years of service. I do not suggest that her career has been unparalleled in all particulars, but in her patient continuance, in working for foreign missions as she did, is there any other story like it? If anyone who may read this story knows another story of twenty-seven years of continuous pain in which the sufferer toiled incessantly for foreign missions while unable to be lifted to an inclined position, let it be brought forth that the whole church may know and be inspired to greater self-sacrifice.

Her life grows more wonderful to me when I meditate on her environment. Reflect on the fact that for fourteen weary years of pain, not one soul visited that sufferer's room who sufficiently entered into and sympathized with Lizzie Johnson's heart passion to either buy or sell her quilt! As I commence writing the story of such a life I realize that it is difficult to tell the plain truth about the wonderful combinations in her unique character without seeming to exaggerate; but I shall try to record, as best I can, only what is wholly true.

To help the reader to see the force of the testing of her faith through fourteen years of the possibilities wrapped up in this quilt being unrealized, I will have Dr. William V. Kelley put in contrast the environment of that other most remarkable shut-in girl, Ida Gracey, whose life his facile pen has worthily immortalized. His version of Ida Gracey's life story will let others more perfectly see the contrast. Read it with this interrogation in your mind: How long could Lizzie Johnson's quilt have remained un-

sold in Frances Ida Gracey's illumined room of sacrificial, patient suffering?

"This invalid's room was a center of attraction. Things animate and inanimate were drawn there as if by a magnet. Flowers had a fancy for flying to her from near and far—Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Rochester, Syracuse, New York, and elsewhere, sometimes more than there was room for. Every spring, tiny Cecil Bruner roses, which the fairies tended in a near-by friendly garden, sent their earliest blooms to be pinned at her slender throat. Big bunches of white lilacs going down Main Street destined elsewhere changed their minds when they came abreast of the sanitarium and decided to go up in the elevator to keep company with this "Little White Lilac," as Mrs. H. W. Peabody called her. In May the apple trees sent their most blossomy branches to decorate her dainty pink-and-whiteness with their own. White waterlilies, nodding and winking to the morning sun from the bosom of Sodus Bay and Lake Ontario, pulled up their long stems, swam ashore, and autotomobiled to Clifton to lay their virginal sweetness beside hers, they the golden-hearted children of the sun in her sunless chamber. In October the most brilliant autumn leaves covered her white counterpane with gorgeous colors. At Halloween big yellow pumpkins sat at the foot of her bed and made Jack-o'-Lantern faces at her in the dark. All kinds of diversions came to beguile the tedium of invalidism. On the bed where sometimes she writhed in torture silly Billikins grinned inanely. Teddy Bears sat on their haunches, dolls disported, tiny chicks a few hours old and new

ducklings from her Peabody Duck-pond in West Park, funny little bunches of fuzz, cheep-cheeped and quack-quacked and tumbled about her pillows and shoulders and neck, kittens and puppies played and live babies crept over her couch and cuddled down in her arms. The little Italian boy who danced for the guests in the foyer went up to her room to dance and sing for her. Visitors of many kinds who knew about her knocked at her door; dainty little women from China and Japan, and swart Hindu girls with glittering eyes and blacker-than-ink hair; not a few of what a little girl called 'bignitaries'—such as bishops and judges and senators and authors and millionaires. A Supreme Court judge on his way across the State to hold court stops off at Clifton to sit at her bedside to pay court to her. Travelers bound for the Far East and the other side of the globe break their journey to hold her thin hands and talk with her an hour. A venerable bishop waiting between official engagements rests a week at Clifton Springs partly because of the wonderful girl of whom he has heard. All exercises in the sanitarium chapel—sermons, lectures, hymns, concerts, morning prayers, song services—went up the acousticon wire to lay themselves on her pillow close to her keen ear."

The marvel, in contrast with Ida Gracey's environment, of how Lizzie Johnson in her secluded room had such a world vision and passion as caused her to persevere in toil through long years while lying in one position, suffering incessantly, has emboldened me to apply the words "unparalleled in church history" as a fitting appraisal of her life of amazing

self-sacrificing service and patience. I have put in contrast the story of the environment of that other remarkable spiritualized sufferer, who, like Lizzie Johnson, devoted her life to work for foreign missions, only to help the reader realize the greater wonder of where and how Lizzie Johnson received and maintained her indomitable passion in pain to live for others on the other side of the earth. And so I repeat the question: How long could that quilt, every stitch of which was linked with pain, have lain unsold in the suffering room of that other beautiful soul, Frances Ida Gracey?



## CHAPTER II

### HER STORY OF AN EIGHT-YEAR FIGHT FOR HEALTH

**I**T would seem as though this is the part of Lizzie Johnson's life story next in order. She was born May, 1869; was taken ill in January of 1882 ere she had had her thirteenth birthday. She took to complete confinement to her bed in the autumn of 1885, from which time to the time of her death, in the autumn of 1909, she had to remain in one position on her back, her head not even raised to an inclined position. This chapter is to tell of the story of an eight-year fight for health, from 1882 to 1890. Neither the making of her quilt nor the making of her bookmarks began before this fight was over in 1890, or until after she was unable to lift, or have her head lifted, from her pillow. Thus weakened, refined, and spiritualized through suffering, she entered on her great life-work.

In order to make her story real and natural, so that no one will think of Lizzie as an abnormal person, I present here what Alice, Lizzie's younger sister, has written about Lizzie's natural characteristics:

"From a child, sister Lizzie was always very sensitive and timid. Naturally she was inclined to see the darker side of life. When she first became an invalid she suffered as much from being different



and apart from other people as she did from her actual pain. The first two years of her invalidism she wore heavy braces which attracted much attention. Later she walked on crutches. These were a source of constant sorrow to her. All through her invalidism she made a heroic effort to appear as near like people in good health as was possible for her to do. Many days we have heard her cry all day long because she could not be well and be as her companions and those with whom she came in contact. After her complete consecration and unconditional surrender to God's will for her life, she lost her sorrowful tendency and saw the cheerfulness of living. Really, she became the most mirthful one in the home, pleasing and entertaining in conversation and quick and delightful in repartee. She was so entertaining and interesting that all children loved to come into her room and chat a while. Those who labored daily found in her a helpful companion and those of the higher walks of life never left her room without realizing that she had given them something from which they might greatly profit."

Having given this background of Lizzie's natural characteristics it is my hope it will help to a better appreciation of the following quotations from Lizzie's own *Journal*, which shows her as having been human—very human—brave, courageous in the very hardest of struggles for health, and full of resignation through grace for continued suffering and grateful for the opportunity of painful, long-continued service.

When six years of age she entered the public school, continuing therein till she reached the age

of thirteen, when this affection of a spinal nature developed, extending to all the nerve centers. The primary cause of the ailment was never known. Speaking of her school work and instrumental music, Lizzie herself records that—

“Both were a delight to me, especially the latter. My mother often remarked to her friends that I needed no urging to practice. I remember how difficult some of my lessons in music seemed to me, as is the case perhaps with most children, especially in the matter of counting aloud, as my teacher required me to do.

“Some lessons were so puzzling that while I worked at them a great lump would rise in my throat and my voice would grow weaker until it was as inaudible as the tears that chased each other down my cheek. Greatly to my comfort at such times my teacher allowed my tears and faltering voice to pass unnoticed while she counted lustily on herself, which to me seemed very helpful at a most critical moment. In due time the difficulties were conquered, the tears dried, and I regained my vocal powers and was again happy. Music was and is a delight to me. I loved it passionately, and the melodies I learned in childhood sing sweetly to my soul to-day.”

Notwithstanding her steadily declining health, the school girl of thirteen expected to recover her health and resume her school and music. The autumn of 1882 merged into winter and found her with strength and recuperative powers reduced. Disappointed, and sad to tears, she heard the school bells which reminded her daily that her dearest hope was not

being realized. She was unable to engage in anything to cause the days to pass less heavily. Her physician and parents entertained the hope that she would regain strength and health with the return of spring.

Of this Lizzie writes:

"How anxiously I waited for the bright, warm days, which I was persuaded, would bring renewed vigor to me; but not so—my health declined steadily. My case exhausted the skill of our home physicians, and in the early part of May my mother took me to the city for treatment. Physicians and specialists of wide renown were consulted. Thorough examination revealed a serious affection of both the spine and spinal cord, and the case was pronounced incurable.

"My dear father and mother, though deeply concerned, were not wholly discouraged when different eminent specialists told them medical science afforded no cure. They were yet hopeful and took me to various other physicians in other cities. Little and temporary was the relief given me at any time, and no encouragement to my parents as to ultimate cure.

"The decision of the various physicians was unknown to me at this time, and I did not know the seriousness of my condition, consequently I was not bereft of hope. But in September, 1884, genuine discouragement began to creep into my heart for the first time.

"Notwithstanding what my parents had been told by the most eminent men of the medical profession, they could not give up hope of my restoration to

health. A certain professor of the medical college of Saint Louis, a prominent physician, who gave special attention to chronic and nervous diseases, was recommended to them and we hastened to the city. His first visit afforded little encouragement. Mother was soon convinced that he could give me no relief. Words can never express the deep disappointment I suffered as we started home without a ray of hope. I was glad it was late in the evening when we arrived home and time to retire immediately, for I was so weary, so sick, so disappointed, I could hardly repress my emotion until I could get to my room, where I threw my weary body on the bed, buried my head in my pillow and gave vent to my feelings in a flood of tears. Weeping myself to sheer exhaustion I fell asleep. When I woke in the morning I again wept violently.

"Knowing that mother would be pained to find that I was so discouraged and had been weeping, my tears were dried before I left the room. I wondered if dear mother too was discouraged, and did not want to cause her additional distress by indicating my own disappointment in any way. But she gave me a cheerful morning greeting and our recent trip or anything concerning it was not referred to and I gained new strength and hope.

"As the autumn declined, my already limited strength declined also; and when the cold winter came I was merely able to walk from room to room. The days were tedious and the long, wakeful nights wore wearily away.

"When it was learned that my spine was seriously affected, physicians foretold a complete collapse,

which, however, was retarded by continuous medical treatment. But in the winter of 1885, a general and terrific collapse came. I became violently ill. Father was away, having been called to New Orleans at the time. My elder sisters were married and gone to homes of their own. Charles, my only brother, was from home, in college. Alice, my youngest sister, was a mere child, entirely too young to realize the seriousness of my condition. So for a time it seemed that mother and I were to suffer alone, nay, not alone, for the dear God was with us; without him we could not have endured that dreadful ordeal.

"Lapse of time will never efface from my mind the memory of that terrible experience, that awful night, when a pain, the severity of which is indescribable, attacked my brain. It affected the entire head, traveled down the spine to the extremities, benumbing and stiffening every joint, and apparently reaching every fiber as it traveled. Dear mother kept her loving vigil at my bedside; it was with great difficulty that I spoke to her. Her loving face shone upon me with the tenderness of an angel. As she leaned over me she discovered that with the exception of a slight use of the hands and forearms, I was entirely helpless."

Her pastor wrote:

"Miss Johnson could not haunt the brook bank, the mountain side, the groves and forests, yet she loved nature. She could feel its ministry in the dewy eve, the glad dawn, the cadence of the wind in the trees, the song of the birds. Its language was sympathetic and restful, stealing away betimes somber moods and stabbing pain. To her communion with

nature was a pathway sloping upward to God. She often made it explanatory of the moods of her soul. Among many references to nature in her *Journal* I find the following:

“Spring came with its resurrection and life, summer with its beauty and splendor, still I was shut in and helpless. A small pine tree which stood on the lawn near my window was company for me. A pretty robin selected the tree as a place for home-making. Morning after morning she greeted me with her sweet song. As I looked in the direction whence the music came, the song of the robin and the whispering pine seemed to say to me, “God is good, God is love.” Nature’s gladness rests my heart, and to her rejoicing my soul responds, truly God is love. He doeth all things well.

“Summer passed; the robins fled; the pine tree waved its little guests good-by. The leaves of autumn were splotched with blood and gold, then fell to the ground withered and sere. Nature began to herald the approach of winter—hoary winter, with a beauty all its own, but it meant suffering to me. Weeks dragged away like months, months like years.

“Winter passed, another spring and summer followed and brought a slight improvement in health. Cold weather affected me seriously, and a change of climate was recommended by my physician. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1886 it was decided the family should spend the following winter in Florida. I felt unequal to the trip and did not want to go. I had but little use of my limbs and every movement was painful.

“With the aid of mechanical appliances, which

were worn constantly, I could sit up only about an hour during the day. When the braces were removed I was helpless, even to turn in my bed. Under such conditions the journey from our home to southern Florida, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, appeared so long that I insisted on remaining at home, and could not suppress the tears when my father told me kindly that he regarded the change a wise one, and we had better go.

“Father, mother, sister Alice, and myself started on the journey, our family physician and his wife accompanying us. It was quite an undertaking to travel with such a helpless invalid, but my father was careful to select for us the most desirable section of the sleeper, in fact, all the comforts travel afforded were secured and the trip was made as easy and pleasant as kindness and forethought could possibly make it. We stopped at Chattanooga and Jacksonville for resting seasons, then by steamer we ascended the picturesque Saint John’s River, thence by rail to our destination.

“Shortly after our arrival I was pleasantly domiciled in a sunshiny, airy room on the second floor of a large hotel in Tampa, Florida, which was my home for the winter. The location was very desirable, and the hotel guests were especially kind and considerate of my comfort and pleasure. As I lay on my bed I could through the windows see beautiful orange trees clothed in lustrous leaves, waxy blossoms, and golden fruit. The season was delightful and beautiful; but Florida, its luscious fruits, genial climate and balmy air brought no favorable change in my health. The change of climate caused great



exhaustion, draining heavily on my small store of strength. At times I was so homesick it was very distressing. Thus the winter passed.

“One Thursday morning my physician told me if I escaped chills and severe headaches until the following Monday, we might be safe in undertaking the journey home. The appointed time was eagerly waited for; and I was delighted when Monday morning came and they carried me downstairs and aboard the train, and we started on our homeward journey. Travel is fatiguing for one so exhausted, but I felt so happy and thankful when we reached our home in Illinois that I felt I did not want to leave it until my dying day.

“It was a source of keen disappointment to my dear parents that the winter spent in a warm climate had resulted in no favorable change in my condition. Mother, especially, was sorely disappointed; she had expected much improvement and realized none. As for myself, I had little hope of climatic change affording relief, consequently I was neither surprised nor greatly disappointed in that respect. The journey was so trying on me as we returned to our home that we had occasion to regret having gone. Several years afterward, however, I was convinced that the winter's experience in Florida was a blessing in disguise.

“For many years my bed stood by the window through which I could see the school grounds and buildings, where I began my school life. Day after day, from the beginning to the close of school terms, I watched the scholars and keenly regretted my inability to be one of their number. My parents had



always taught their children that education was very essential. It was painful to me to realize my youth was slipping away and time and opportunity were passing. When I was a child long before my illness, my mother often told me that when I became old enough she expected to place me in one of the best schools of music and keep me there till graduation. I was fairly aflame with ambition to continue my music when I became ill. Mother knew of my eagerness and during the first few years of my illness she would cheer me when I was discouraged by referring to the musical education which she hoped awaited me. As time passed and prospects of recovery diminished the subject was mentioned less frequently and finally not at all, but the fond ambition would not die and lurked in my bosom for years, and the love of music yet lives in my soul.

“In the autumn of 1887 several of my school mates entered college; I was saddened, not that I did not wish them to enjoy their opportunity, but that I longed to be one of their number, and that their advancement caused me to realize my hindrances and condition more than ever before. When they returned home for the holiday vacation they seemed as happy as songbirds, their spirits bubbling over with the pleasure, health, and youth, and I thought how happy I too would have been with like blessings and privileges.

“The thought of never being more than an invalid caused me to shudder and grow sick at heart, but after a season of discouragement I would gather new hope and fresh courage and feel determined to get well, to be entirely well, and made many at-

tempts to do as well people did when I was very ill. One summer I decided to be well regardless of conditions. I made constant and desperate effort to forget my suffering. At my request mother has lifted me from the bed when I was so ill I could scarcely see to distinguish objects around me, and placed me in a chair. There I sat for an hour or longer in my vain effort to gain strength. Such efforts were fruitful only of pain, but I did it with the best intentions.

“‘To be ill from year’s end to year’s end, to suffer continuously, to take heroic medical treatment without relief, to see opportunities pass, to have ambitions crushed, aspirations blighted, to be useless and dependent on others, are conditions that can be appreciated by those only who have had the actual experience. I, who write these words, suffered such experience for many, to me, long years.

“‘Since having attained middle age and the maturer judgment that comes with years, I recall the tedious, painful years of my youth and wonder how I endured them, even as well as I did. In justice to myself I must say that I made great effort to be brave, bright, and cheerful, but I must confess that I trusted largely in my own powers and sought not help from the Fountain of strength above.

“‘My hopes of recovery were so often disappointed I became thoroughly disheartened; few things interested me, nothing comforted me. Hopes of resuming my music and school work were shattered, but I thought to be able to wait on myself, indeed, the intensity of desire to gain sufficient strength to care for myself and thus relieve others became a passion from which there was no rest.

“‘My fierce determination to recover my health almost embittered my heart, and doubt and rebellion held full sway. The secret was kept within my own breast, but I now blushing confess that for a time I doubted everything and everybody except my own parents and their love.

“‘My father was a busy lumber merchant, and toiled long and steadily, yet the welfare of his invalid daughter was ever uppermost in his thoughts. He constantly studied and lovingly supplied my every need and comfort and was always striving to make life happier for me. Mother was with me constantly. She gave me every attention as well as every expression of her love and sympathy, not only in fond, loving words, tender kisses and embraces, but also in substantial deeds of loving care and tender nursing such as only a loving mother can render. Words can never describe the tender affection which my parents lavished upon me. Their precious love held me when I was on the verge of utter despair.’”

## CHAPTER III

### THE STORY OF THE MAKING OF HER QUILT

**T**HE story of how she came to make her famous quilt seems naturally to come next. She has herself written the story, and, surely, that is the best source through which the reader can enter more closely into Lizzie's heart and life struggle and growth, for her life is a marvelous unfolding of spiritual development. Here is the story:

"About this time of my deepest doubt and despair the presiding elder of the Mattoon District, the Reverend James T. Orr, visited our home. His atmosphere of sunshine, his sympathetic face, kind and unstudied words, betokened to me a heart full of Christ love and caused me to feel keenly my need of divine assistance, and gave me a new hope, kindling in my heart a desire to become a better Christian.

"From that time I prayed earnestly. I began to cling to my Lord. My Bible became a new book to me. I have dated a definite uplift in my life from that occasion. Religious literature and church periodicals which had come into our home regularly for years became interesting to me.

"The story of Bishop Taylor and his party of pioneer missionaries, of whom I had often heard, was again recalled and reviewed with increasing interest. My friend, the Reverend James T. Orr, was enthusiastic on all lines of missions. When I inquired of

him concerning the work in Africa he referred me to the *African News*, a magazine published in the interest of Bishop Taylor's self-supporting missions. While reading this magazine, the subscription of which I continued till publication ceased, my desire to aid the work of the Bishop was aroused and intensified.

"As my love for my Master increased, my fierce determination to recover my health subsided somewhat. I tried to be reconciled to my affliction. I wanted to be submissive to my Lord's will and accept what came from his hands, yet a great longing to be free from suffering persisted and was almost overwhelming at times, and my religious experience was not satisfactory.

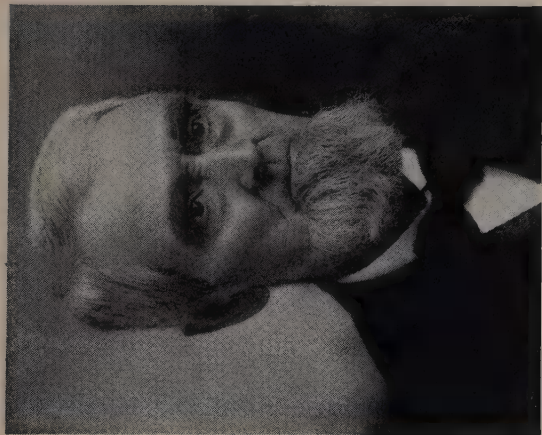
"Vivid in my mind is the memory of a night when weariness, nervousness, and headache prevented sleep. I felt as I had on previous occasions, a sincere sorrow of soul, a keen sense of sin, a need of Jesus as my personal Saviour. As I prayed this question came, 'Are you willing to consent to a life of suffering?' The question was a trying one. At that moment my desire to be released from suffering, to be strong and independent was fairly consuming. Must I consent to such a lot? my heart cried out. 'Are you willing?' came the answer clear and strong. The struggle was hard indeed, but my heart yielded and I was able to say, 'Yes, Lord, if it be thy will.' Rebellion fled from my heart, joy filled my soul, sweet sleep came. When I woke in the morning everything and everybody looked different to me. My soul was light in the Lord, my heart had in it a new hope, my life a new purpose. It seemed a new

sun had risen shedding forth an effulgency of grace and beauty. Truly the dawning of the light maketh all things new. From that night in May, 1890, the night I answered 'Yes' to God, I date my victory.

"O happy day that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

"High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.'

"After my consecration I became deeply interested in various lines of missionary enterprises, and was eager to help in a broader way than contributing to the work from time to time. An article from the pen of Bishop Taylor requesting money to secure little girls whom he wished to place in our missions where they could be civilized, Christianized, and educated, attracted my attention and interest. To secure girls at that time in competition with slave traders and polygamists was difficult among some tribes. Prices of girls ranged from thirty-five to fifty dollars. For girls of the best intellect and finest physique the latter price was demanded. My heart was much stirred by the appeal. I was anxious, indeed, to redeem one of the brightest and best of those little girls and name her Mary C. Johnson, my mother's name, and have the child raised in our mission according to Bishop Taylor's plan. The necessary means must be secured through my own efforts, and how a bed-ridden invalid could, through



JOHN W. JOHNSON

PARENTS OF LIZZIE JOHNSON



MARY C. JOHNSON





QUILT MADE BY LIZZIE JOHNSON



her own efforts, secure a sufficient amount to purchase a girl, then in demand by African slave-holders and polygamists, was a problem difficult to solve; in fact, it seemed almost impossible. But does God allow our good intentions, our well-meant efforts, if they be our best, accompanied by our prayers, to pass without good results? No, a thousand times no! The results may not always come at the time we hoped, nor in the manner we planned, but in God's own and his loving way, which is far better than ours, our prayers will be answered and our efforts rewarded.

"The summer following my entire consecration was one of the happiest of my life despite the fact that my health remained unimproved. A sweet resignation to whatever the Lord wished to send filled my soul and I was happy. The study of missions in various foreign fields was very interesting and occupied much of the time I was able to read. I wanted to give the work some special help, and the story of the little African lassies continued to appeal very strongly to me. I prayed God to show me some way whereby I might lend a helping hand to some of these little ones in the shadow of heathen darkness.

"When, in the autumn of 1890, my sister Alice entered college, father, mother and myself were quite lonely for a time. Alice was the youngest member of the household, a pretty, bright, and sparkling girl, the light and life of our home. The family seemed painfully small without her. And while I was very thankful that she could have the advantage of college, that very fact reminded me of the sore disappointment I had undergone by being deprived of a

like privilege of obtaining the education I so much desired. But the trial was cheerfully borne and my real feelings concealed from dear Alice. I did not want her young life clouded or one pleasure marred by any disappointment I might be called to endure.

"One September evening when alone and watching the twilight a feeling of loneliness swept over me. I tried to dispel it by counting my blessings compared with the lot of others who might be less favored than myself. Many whom I knew appealed to me as being worthy of very tender sympathy and appreciation. Others of whom I had read and otherwise heard, appealed to me as needing help and encouragement. A deep longing to send sunshine and gladness into the life of some suffering one filled my heart. Was it possible, I questioned, for me to render any help or give any encouragement to any weary soul? I prayed that the way might open.

"My thoughts wandered to the little black girls in Africa bound down by the superstition of heathenism, when this suggestion came to my mind: Make a quilt, sell it and give the proceeds to missions; it may be the means of redeeming one of the girls. It was a pleasing suggestion, for I felt that I could make the quilt and surely I could sell it when finished; at least I would try, and pray for success.

"I was happy in the thought and began the quilt the following day. It was to be of the 'crazy work' pattern which was very popular at that time. The arrangement of design, blending of colors, embroidering of flowers which I wrought on many blocks afforded entertainment, and whiled away many hours that otherwise would have been lonely. Mak-

ing the quilt was a help and real pleasure, although, made under difficulties as I lay upon my bed, each stitch caused pain. But the hope and expectation that my work would some day help others was a stimulant to work and a compensation for pain. The stitches were interwoven with prayer that the quilt might in some way result in aiding foreign missions. My special desire was to redeem one of the little African girls; but if unsuccessful in that direction I was willing and anxious for it to be used to advance mission work in other lines.

"Several weeks before the quilt was finished I began to feel the change from autumn to winter. Loss of strength rendered me too feeble to push the needle through the stiff goods without several attempts. Mother requested me to lay the work aside and remain idle. While I regretted to do anything contrary to her wishes, there was a sort of undefined urgency to work on constantly. Perhaps it was a latent conviction that unless I worked steadily on, the quilt might never be finished.

"After six months of diligent work it was completed and the patchwork of silk, satin, and plush, with a border of royal purple plush, and an old-gold satin lining, made a very pretty combination."

As is stated in Lizzie's *Journal*, her mother often requested her to lay the work on the quilt aside so that her hands and nerves might rest; still the mother in loving kindness would sit by the bed holding the heavy blocks so that Lizzie might work her chosen plan for redeeming the little African girl.

The mother would hold the blocks so that Lizzie could do the stitching. The mother's hands were

many, many times made stiff and numb from the exhausting position this necessitated. Thus the mother and daughter worked together on the quilt from the autumn of 1890 until the spring of 1891. Without this immediate help from the mother Lizzie could never have completed the quilt.

Let it be remembered, through all the rest of this story, that lacking only a few months of twenty full years, this dear girl did all her work lying in one position and often working, as she herself testified, until "some days I almost fainted into insensibility under the amount of work that fell to my hands. I was often very ill from over exertion. On recovery I would press on with new courage. I worked until sheer exhaustion compelled me to stop. Then with closed eyes and folded hands would be obliged to remain quiet and alone in my dark room. When after a few hours of rest the pain and weariness subsided somewhat I could resume work. Many times I have worked until my hands were so sore and stiffened at the close of my day's work I did not have proper use of them. Evening after evening my mother bathed my hands in hot water and then applied hamamelis to relieve the condition and thereby render my fingers sufficiently nimble to resume work the following morning." Let it never be overlooked that these quotations cover within a few months of twenty years of lying on her back in one position and earning over one thousand dollars a year for twenty years. Can any reader tell of a parallel story of sacrificial serving?

As I have told in my Preface, I never saw Lizzie Johnson but for one brief forenoon, and often as I

showed and told the story of her wonderful quilt I wondered how an invalid, lying on her back, could ever make such a quilt; so when asked to write her life, I wrote her younger sister asking more particulars about the home and the making of the crazy-pattern quilt. I present here her reply, not only to tell the story of the quilt, but to give the reader a closer view of the ideal and model home of the Johnson family. Alice has written me:

“Too much praise could never be given to our mother. Her mother died when she was a child. She was partially raised by an aunt, still her father insisted that mother be educated with her own sisters and brothers. For the time in which she was raised she had a very liberal education, her family planning that mother should teach. She married instead; but never lost her desire that her children should be educated and always had the best of periodicals about her. Always delicate of body, ambitious, patient and kind, she was the real head of the home. The illness of sister coming into her life as it did called for the bravest of characters, but she ever met the trying situations with bravery and fortitude. She, as well as my father, were the second generation of Methodists. No doubt the great inspiration of sister’s missionary zeal may be found in the influence and bravery of mother.

“To deprive a child of its privilege of play and development is sad; to deprive a child of its power to study and prepare for life’s work is a calamity; but for a child to be deprived of its play, its development of body and opportunity of study and be suddenly taken ill, and for the remainder of life be

a constant sufferer, is beyond the words of mortal man; but in such a sad state was Lizzie L. Johnson called to live.

"In the home of the invalid the idea of cheerfulness and beauty was ever sought; and the mother in her many, many endeavors to entertain her sad and sorrowing child sought to develop her great love of beauty. It chanced that a plan of making a silk quilt came to mind. Also at the time the mother read to the daughter of foreign missions and the plan was formed to make a silk quilt for mission purposes. The quilt was of the pattern of its day—the crazy-quilt design. The mother and daughter planned and worked on it. 'Twas made of heavy silks, satin, and velvet pieces, beautifully blended with a beautiful silk lining. 'Twas pronounced by all who saw it a thing of beauty.

"This quilt was made with the hopes that it might be sold soon after its completion and the funds used for the redemption of an African slave girl to be placed in the self-supporting mission schools of Bishop Taylor in South Africa. But God had another purpose for the quilt.

"Many friends learned of Lizzie's interest in her silk quilt and became interested in having a share in its beauty by giving pieces of their own garments to be a part of the work.

"The quilt was made of pieces of dress material gathered from the home or some friends' material. Often friends would send her pieces of their own dresses as tokens of friendship. Often mother would buy material to help out in the absence of favorite colors.

"When things were very cheap the silk thread alone on this quilt cost forty dollars.

"Mother frequently left the seeming necessary home work and would spend hours by sister's bed holding the material and helping arrange the blocks—all this just to help entertain the invalid.

"The writer remembers a strong man of the German physique, who had formerly been a friend of the Johnson family and had daughters of the age of Lizzie, but with his family had moved from the community. This gentleman came to Casey in later years, visited Lizzie, and on realizing her condition and feebleness was almost overcome with grief. The quilt was shown.

"It was at a time when a man was not properly dressed if he had not a silk handkerchief gracefully placed in his left coat pocket. Soon his handkerchief was handed to Lizzie, and he asked her to place a part of it in her silk quilt.

"The handkerchief was of a beautiful Persian design of dark and gold colors. Lizzie fitted the handkerchief into a corner of the quilt and it made a handsome showing.

"Very recently the two daughters of the same gentleman visited in the Johnson home. They expressed themselves as always having been very proud that their father had a part in the quilt which was such a joy to Lizzie and had wrought such a wonderful work in the world."



## CHAPTER IV

### A VISION OF PREPARATION

IT will be remembered that Lizzie Johnson made the quilt during 1890, after she had taken to her bed to rise no more until called to heavenly and higher service. She did not have the courage for another undertaking until autumn, 1891—after the apparent failure of her quilt and her ever-increasing suffering. It seems eminently proper to record here the story of a vision given her between the time of the making of the quilt and her getting courage to undertake the toils of her bookmark enterprise, which was her longest work and from which during her lifetime she raised most of her money. She has put in her *Journal* the verses that comforted her, and followed them with the story of her vision.

“God hath not promised  
Skies always blue,  
Flower-strewn pathways  
All our lives through.

“God hath not promised  
Sun without rain,  
Joy without sorrow,  
Peace without pain.

“But God hath promised  
Strength from above,  
Unfailing sympathy,  
Undying love.”



Here is the story of her vision:

“Words are inadequate to describe an experience which was mine in May, 1891. One particular day as it declined and night advanced, pain seemed to surpass my power of endurance, and I begged mother for relief. I am sure that only a mother, a loving, sympathetic mother who would make any sacrifice, even to the laying down of her life for her child, can feel as I know my sweet mother felt while I made my pitiful cry to her for relief. I saw her tears and her dear face so anxious and distressed by my suffering and pleading and I felt shame and heart sorrow that I had so pained her. I confessed to mother how sorry I was, and begged her forgiveness, and insisted she should retire, for there was nothing more she could possibly do for me. She assured me there was nothing to forgive and that she preferred to remain at my bedside so long as she could be of any comfort to me. But at my urging she consented to retire for much-needed rest. Even to this day I can almost hear her saying as she kissed me and tenderly stroked my face, ‘Jesus comfort you, my darling.’ She turned the light out and left me alone till I should summon her with my bell.

“As I lay alone in the darkness a silence almost oppressive prevailed. My heart was crying for relief. I wept silently and looked piteously to my Lord. Suddenly a light, which seemed to me of supernatural brightness, attracted me. It grew brighter and larger till my room was filled with a radiance which I thought must surely be from the heavenly world. Then a form appeared and stood not far from my bed. Dazed with astonishment and

awe-stricken, I could not endure the sight and covered my eyes with my arms. Somehow I was conscious of a visible Divine Presence, and could not look up till a sweet voice said, 'Lizzie, look! The Master is come and calleth for thee.' I lifted my eyes. Oh, that vision! How shall I describe it, but in my own simple words? Jesus and an angelic host, innumerable in number—a throng reaching from earth to heaven, were before me. The angels were beautiful to behold, the Saviour fairer than ten thousand and altogether lovely. A halo of light, not dazzling but brighter than noonday, surrounded his head. His hand, extended in a loving gesture, seemed so tender, so beautiful, yet so strong the ocean might lie within its hollow. Of the eyes, so full of compassion and boundless love, I can give no description, but to say there is no beauty that we desire that we shall not see in him. I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness. 'Yet a little while and I will come again,' the Master said. The angels took their flight, Jesus went with them, the vision vanished.

"It was an enchanting and comforting vision, yet it was so astonishing and overwhelming I could not mention it to my mother for weeks; in fact, I have been able to speak of the experience but few times. Years have passed since this vision of my Saviour face to face—years mingled with cloud and sunshine, joy and sorrow—still on a bed of pain I wait and while waiting am praying and striving to do what he wants me to do, to be as he wants me to be until he comes again. His presence abides in my heart, and should he come to-day he would find me ready

and waiting. How comforting, how precious, and inspiring his promise, 'I will come again'!

“‘Saviour, more than life to me,  
I am clinging, clinging close to thee.’

“His promise that he will never leave me nor forsake me, gives me blessed assurance that when deep waters come and storms beat fiercely round my soul I shall be sustained and comforted.

“‘If we could push ajar the gates of life  
And stand within, and all God’s working see,  
We would interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery would find a key.  
And if through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,  
Where we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we will say, “God knew best.” ’ ”

After her vision of preparation the very human and natural way she was led into what became her chief life-work for her last eighteen years and from which during her lifetime she made most of her money is, to me, of intense human interest. It will also remind many readers of how some little thing came into their lives and changed all their future. I am glad that even after her vision, like Paul, she was intensely human. But let us continue the story:

“One day in November, my only brother, Charles F. Johnson, called to see me. Extreme nervousness compelled me to remain quiet and alone most of the time. Brother found me alone that particular afternoon. As he entered my room the bookmark which I was reading was cast aside. His eye, how-

ever, caught sight of the ribbon and he asked, 'What have you there? Is it a ribbon bookmark?'

"He took it and examined it with interest, his face growing thoughtful the while. Then he asked: 'Why don't you prepare a number of bookmarks similar to this, sell them, and give the proceeds to missions? The work would afford you mental employment, and at the same time you would be aiding foreign missions.'

"Brother's suggestion surprised me beyond expression. I believed myself unable and unequal in many respects for the work suggested. Such a work would require some means, some business management, much hard work, and a heavy correspondence. I had no means, knew little about business, and was not able to have my head lifted from my pillow, and my hands had been too feeble to work since my missionary quilt was finished. My correspondence was confined to an occasional letter to sister Alice, who was away from home, in college. Writing was a difficult task to me. My interest in missions had grown stronger and I felt that I would gladly aid the cause if there were not so many obstacles that seemed impossible to overcome.

"I realized that to inaugurate a work that might grow and result in much good would be a privilege worthy of great effort and sacrifice. A feeling of great inability depressed me; I could not understand how my efforts in any line could be of any consequence, yet the impression left on my mind could not be dismissed.

"Mother did not favor my doing the work, as we discussed the matter, although she expressed her

interest in all such good work. She said my great weakness and the suffering it would unavoidably cause were her only objections.

“During many subsequent days the missionary proposition was the subject of my thoughts. One day, which I have always regarded as ‘Decision Day,’ remains conspicuous in memory. It was a cold, dismal, November day of 1891. I thought, with all the earnest consideration previously given to the subject, I would dismiss it and think no more about it. But this was not so easily done. Anxious questionings would not cease. I could not understand my travail of soul. The burden grew heavier. Now I was face to face with my Lord. Reconsideration must be had. I took up the subject again and many difficult obstacles looked less formidable, until I at last felt that one of the chief hindrances was my weak faith.

“The responsibility seemed greater than I could assume; besides I felt a keen sense of timidity about having my name before the public as it necessarily would be should I conduct such a work. The stroke of one o’clock broke the midnight silence before I could consent to take up the work.

“I told my Lord that, with his help, I would do all I could to inaugurate and continue the work as it had seemed to take shape. Then came sweet sleep. Immediately after waking the following morning I told mother I had decided to attempt the missionary enterprise and expected to work to the extent of my strength, then allow success or failure, whichever the result might be, to decide whether or not the call was from God.

“After having thus decided, my initial work was

planning as to variety of bookmarks, colors of ribbon, and other preliminary matters. Two sizes were determined upon; a small size on which were to be printed verses of Scripture, and to be sold for ten cents, and a larger size with poems, hymns and verses appropriate for birthday and Christmas greetings, to be sold for fifteen cents each.

"In selecting Scripture verses appropriate for bookmarks it was found necessary to select verses which would be especially helpful, and would look pretty in print, rendering them more desirable. Many verses were considered in this initial effort. One more especially remembered is, 'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever' (Isa. 40. 8). This verse was one of many used, and was afterward sold in great numbers. Several poems were selected and printed. Here is one:

"'Just one little life to live,  
     So to-day  
     I will pray,  
 That each act of mine  
 May reflect the Christ divine,  
     Whom I love.

"'Just one little life to live,  
     So I'll wait  
     By yonder gate,  
 Just beyond which mansions lay;  
 There I'll wait for Christ to say,  
     Welcome home.'

"My work now consisted in preparing copies for the press; correspondence was addressed to various printers relative to the printing, and to wholesale

merchants concerning the necessary ribbon. In due time ribbons were printed. When the goods were delivered I waited anxiously for the box to be opened; and what met my gaze? Not the pretty bookmarks I had planned and ordered, but utter failure instead.

"I was disappointed, of course, but what could I do? Nothing but order more ribbon and make another attempt. Another purchase was made and printed, but the second supply was little improvement on the first. Each installment rendered me deeper and deeper in debt and the affair appeared serious to me. I wondered if I had been presuming too much to try to raise funds for special missionary work. Various suggestions presented themselves to my mind, and I confess to having given vent to my feelings in tears. After debating the situation briefly I decided it was an unfavorable time to cease business with indebtedness hanging over me, so tears were brushed away and I was soon very busy in ordering a third supply. I wrote various commercial houses, both wholesale and retail, concerning ribbons, and thus secured a nice assortment of colors. It has been said that experience is the best of teachers, so failures in my former orders were not wholly without benefit. With each successive order something was learned about purchasing and handling ribbons, printing, and other lines of work.

"In due time the third supply was finished and was fairly satisfactory. Now that the bookmarks were ready for sale another problem confronted me. How could I dispose of them? How could the work be brought before the public? I had no constituency,



no one to assist in selling the marks. Of course I met no one except those who came into my room. A beginning was made by showing the marks to callers, also an assortment accompanied by note sent to friends kindly soliciting them to buy. Quite a number of marks were sold, but the price was so low and the receipts so small that they were scarcely to be considered toward paying the indebtedness incurred.

"Broader plans must be made to liquidate the debts and realize any profits toward the special object in view. The bookmarks were then distributed by correspondence; the work was not confined to the circle of my acquaintances, but marks were sent to any Christian worker who was sufficiently interested in the cause to try to dispose of them and remit the receipts to me.

"I wrote to friends and Christian workers in various places explaining my plan and purpose, bespeaking for the enterprise their interest and cooperation. In brief time letters in reply began to pour in on me. Some of them were greatly gratifying and others were less pleasing. My zeal was rendered none the less ardent by the cool reception given the work by some parties from whom one might expect interest and help. Still, I was not surprised to meet with many discouragements, and lapse of time has almost blotted that unpleasantness from my mind, but the encouragement coming from many and various sources remains vivid in memory.

"How the needed constituency was to be secured was indeed a problem. I prayed for more helpers who would assist by selling the bookmarks, also im-



proved every opportunity that came within my reach to advance the work. I did all I could, and left results with God. Thus a feeble invalid working, praying, trusting, God in his own time and way opened up avenues of help through which the work prospered.

"There is a day that comes into recollection just here that seems to me to be one of importance in the beginning of this work. It was one of those days during which, on account of my nervous condition, it had been found best for me to receive no visitors, and be left alone as far as possible. Late in the afternoon my nurse came into my room, saying: 'Your friend, Mrs. Eggleston, has called, and is anxious to see you, but she has requested me to say that if you do not feel strong enough to see her she will not feel wounded should you refuse, but would call another time.' It was then quite a task on my part to see a caller, and to do myself justice, I was unable to talk to anyone; but one glance out of the window suggested this kind friend had doubtless made some sacrifice to face the cold and storm expressly to call on me, and I told the nurse to show her in.

"This Mrs. Eggleston was a bright, sparkling, sweet saint, past her threescore and five years. Her path had been thorny, her cross heavy.

"I saw her and she gave me the names of a list of friends. The following morning found me busily engaged writing to Mrs. Eggleston's friends. The object of the work was explained to them and their assistance earnestly sought. Each of the ladies to whom Mrs. Eggleston referred me replied promptly,

expressing their willingness to give assistance by selling the marks. Each lady mentioned the work to others and thus more helpers were secured, and so the work grew.

“For years I have been accustomed to having various kinds of delicate fancywork in our home, but have never seen anything in that line so easily damaged by handling as are these silk bookmarks while being made. Very careful handling, especially in packing, is essential. The necessary ribbons and general supplies (all of which during the first eight years of the work were purchased by correspondence), selecting and copying suitable poems and Scripture texts for the marks, preparing copy for the press, the regular correspondence and necessary bookkeeping, the clipping and fringing of most of the ribbons which fell to my own hands, the distribution of the bookmarks by mail—all of this required extra hard labor. My entire strength was consumed by it. I worked till sheer exhaustion compelled me to stop. Then with closed eyes and folded hands would be obliged to remain quiet and alone in my darkened room; when, after a few hours rest, the pain and weariness subsided somewhat, I could resume my work.

“It became important that the funds accumulated from the sale of the bookmarks be appropriated to some special work. There are many branches and departments of mission work; various and many ways in which money may be wisely expended for the promotion of Christian work in foreign lands, and merely to state that the money realized from this work would be appropriated to foreign missions

was rather vague; a more definite and satisfactory statement as to the express purpose of the work was necessary to secure attention and co-operation of the public sufficiently to hope for ultimate success. Several objects were studied before any special one was determined upon. The support of scholarships to assist in educating native students in our mission schools and colleges, the fund for the relief of orphans whom our missionaries had rescued from famine, the salaries for native pastors—all these and other lines of work came under careful consideration. But sympathy aroused in my heart years before for the little native girls in Africa still persisted, and the desire to redeem from slavery one of these little ones, place her in our mission where she might be civilized, Christianized, and educated, appealed to me strongly.

“I had not forgotten the time and toil spent in making the quilt which I hoped to sell and thereby aid at least one little black girl. But my hopes were not realized, for up to this time the quilt had not been sold. And when I was confronted with the question as to how the profits from my bookmarks should be utilized my thoughts went out to the unseen, unknown and yet beloved African lassie.

“The way did not seem to open for me to aid her at that time. The Lord willed it otherwise, and I felt I was making the proper decision when I decided that the proceeds of the work should be used to support native workers in foreign missions, and with that purpose in view I worked, planned, and prayed.

“Oh, how hard I worked! The enterprise was in

its infancy and had to be built up from absolutely nothing. Then I was unfamiliar with business methods, that was another difficulty that must be mastered. Many times I have worked until my hands were so sore and stiffened at the close of my day's work I did not have good use of them. Evening after evening my mother bathed my hands in hot water, then applied hamamelis to relieve the conditions and thereby render my fingers sufficiently nimble to resume the following morning. 'It's very painful to me to see you work so hard,' mother often said, and she was distressed indeed to see my strength overtaxed, and wanted to help, and did help occasionally, but mother was a very busy woman with a household and an invalid as her charge, and although glad—yes, very eager—to assist me, she had but little time to devote to that purpose.

"There were no organized missionary societies in connection with our local church at that time as there are at present, but several ladies in the church became interested in the cause and kindly assisted by fringing bookmarks. They were helpful to the work and I appreciated their kindness, but despite their assistance the work pressed me constantly. The business was growing steadily, and as a natural consequence the work in connection with it increased accordingly. Some days I almost fainted into insensibility under the great amount of work that fell to my hands. Occasionally I became a little discouraged and was often very ill from over exertion. On recovery I would press on with renewed courage.

"The correspondence became so great it outgrew

my strength. I was never idle unless illness or other unavoidable hindrance prevented work. But, work and write as steadily and rapidly as possible, the work would accumulate beyond my strength and I was compelled to make arrangements whereby help in the matter of correspondence might be secured. Mother was too busy to write many letters for me. Sister Alice was away at school.

“The name of Miss Mabel Kennedy was suggested to my mind in such a manner that I felt I must solicit her assistance. Just why my mind should have lighted upon her so fixedly I know not other than that hand of Him who keepeth watch over his own was leading me. We had been associates in early childhood, attending the same school and Sabbath school, but a few years difference in our age had thrown us into different circles and I had seen her but few times during the ten or twelve years after the beginning of my invalidism, which compelled me to quit school. From my earliest recollections of her she was a sweet, unassuming, lovable child. At my request she came and it seemed a little surprising to me that the tall beautiful young lady who entered my room that day was the Mabel I had known during our childhood.

“The sunshine and sweetness of her soul had grown with her growth and multiplied with her years. From a lovable childhood she had grown into a noble womanhood. She had been converted and was in every sense an exemplary Christian.

“She was delighted to render any assistance she could, and was quick, quiet, competent. She wrote as I dictated and accomplished much so long as I

<u>74</u> <u>Account for 1906</u>	
Received - - -	\$2 333.99.
<u>Disbursements:</u>	
For support <sup>yearly</sup> of pastor-teacher in India, at \$60. <sup>00</sup> each per annum - -	\$420. <sup>00</sup>
For support of pastor-teacher in India, per annum	\$100. <sup>00</sup>
" " two (2) Bible-women in India at \$50. <sup>00</sup> each per annum - -	\$100. <sup>00</sup>
For support of Bible-women in India, per annum	\$40. <sup>00</sup>
" " " two (2) Bible-women in China, at \$20. <sup>00</sup> each per annum - -	\$40. <sup>00</sup>
For support of native-pastor in Africa, per annum	\$50. <sup>00</sup>
For support of three (3) scholarships in Japan at \$15. <sup>00</sup> each per annum - -	\$45. <sup>00</sup>
For support of Bible-readers in Madeira Island, per annum	\$150. <sup>00</sup>
Bookmarks purchased. 15674	
Cost of bookmarks.	\$514.80
Letters written 931. Cards written 290.	
Bookmarks in stock Dec 31st 12883	
Cash in Bank " "	\$38.27.30

THE SUMMARY OF A YEAR'S WORK IN LIZZIE JOHNSON'S  
OWN HANDWRITING

could endure the labor, for dictating was new work for me, and I was not accustomed to having anyone in my room any great length of time, and I found I must limit this kind of work to alternate periods during each week.

"After her visits I would, if strength permitted,

spend hours in assorting, listing, and wrapping bookmarks to accompany the letters written during the afternoon. I worked till late and did not dare pause to ask myself whether too weary to work longer. Self was subordinate in my thoughts. Had it not been so the work could never have been accomplished.

"I have sent bookmarks to every State in the Union. Also to Mexico, Canada, Scotland, England, Italy, Sweden, Austria, India, Madeira, Turkey, Africa, South America, New Zealand, Hawaii, China, and Japan. I began this work a little more than fourteen years ago and have worked very hard as I lie upon my bed of pain, and am thankful to God for the opportunity of so doing. The profits resulting from my bookmarks go to maintain native workers in foreign lands. The work overtaxes my strength, yet I am anxious to toil on and do all I can to enable these native pastors and Bible women to continue their work of soul saving."

It may be of interest here to the reader to know how Lizzie handled her work and the conveniences connected therewith. At the side of her bed was a small table. On this were her light, her fountain pen and other minor things for her convenience. At her right hand on her bed were her Bible, a part of her stationery, unanswered letters, and her ledger. In another part of the room was a music rack made of bamboo. On this were kept large packages of bookmarks from which she could be given marks when necessary.

Her writing was done by holding a common desk pad in her left hand which was braced against her



knees. Everything in connection with her work was of the simplest form.

These things have been written in detail because of so many inquiries as to the manner in which the invalid worked.

One of her pastors wrote:

"For more than nine years I have known Lizzie Johnson and have had many conversations and prayers at her bedside, but in all that time I have never heard a complaining word or witnessed a sign of rebelliousness on account of her condition.

"Her suffering has been incessant, but at times so intensely severe it seemed she could not live a moment longer. Once she lost her voice suddenly, and after about six months it came back as suddenly as it went. During that time she could only make her wants known by writing. These were sad months, but on flew her pen. Sometimes she has gone down so close to the river's brim, just this side of eternity, that her life seemed but a wisp of cloud that a breath might blow away; then she would rally and come back again to stay a while longer. When her devoted mother went home she would gladly have gone with her but God has kept her till now."



## CHAPTER V

### LIZZIE JOHNSON'S CONVERSION AND CONSECRATION

**I**T will be remembered that Lizzie was converted, joined the church and had her first communion before she was taken ill at the age of thirteen. Of this she wrote:

“Not many weeks before I was stricken with this illness from which I have never recovered, I united with the church on probation. My parents are Christians, and have been from early youth members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I had always been blessed with a Christian home. I had prayed since mother taught me a child prayer at her knee, and from childhood had felt a desire to be a Christian. I was converted when I united with the church. But it was not until some years after that I made a full consecration of myself to my Lord as my personal Saviour.” (Her life was a wonderful growth.) “At the expiration of the six months’ probation I was taken to the Sabbath morning service and with a class of probationers was received into full connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church. To me the service was a blessed one and still lives in very sacred memory. It was the last time I was at our dear church, where my parents had worshiped for many years, and where my dear sister was married and where I had attended Sabbath school from my early childhood.”

This lays the foundation for all that followed in her life. I believe that through the merits of the atonement all children under the years of accountability are in a saved relation to Jesus Christ. Nevertheless, there comes a time of personal accountability when a personal choice must be made and a definite personal covenant with the Saviour, and the incoming of the Holy Spirit into the child's life, from which time the child is enabled to live a spiritual life. This is called conversion, or union with Christ, or being born from above, and this is vital to all future spiritual living. It may come in various ways. Often, if the child is lovingly taught, it may come like the beautiful story of Lydia, "whose heart the Lord opened," quietly and naturally. I admire the following story of the inquiring child and the answers of a wise mother, and think it comes very near representing the ideal way a child in a Christian home should enter into personal conscious relationship with Jesus Christ. Though no two persons ever have exactly the same experience, each one has his own as he has his own personality.

"Mother," a little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you, I do now, and I always shall; but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother replied: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered; "but tell me what

I want to know." And she put her arms about her mother's neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing any older."

Her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, darling, without waiting to be older. Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered: "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and in her prayer the mother gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be his, and as they prayed the joy of assurance came into the dear child's life and she knew she was a Christian.

The charm of this story for me is that it takes away all mystery and the almost insurmountable difficulties that present themselves to the mind of a child and all is made clear and natural, as Jesus intended it should be.

But this decision must come in the life of each individual child if each is to have a real Christian experience. Proof that such a change is absolutely necessary, each one can find by looking into his own heart. Who, as a child, when he decided to do wrong, had in him any instinct, saying, "You are unable to do wrong and must have supernatural help to carry out your intention"? That is, with our fallen nature, how easy—in fact, almost involuntary—the yielding to temptation!

But in spiritual matters, when you had decided to overcome wrong inclinations and to do right—and

only right—and in some public way acknowledge Jesus, or take up any Christian duty or cross, did not an unfailing instinct tell you you must have help from above, or inward help against yourself? That is, a decision to do wrong found you in an unregenerate state, strong to do it in your own strength, while a decision to do only right and to confess Jesus before others sent you to your knees. If this be so in your experience, you need consult no books to know the direction in which fallen nature is inclined. To meet and help overcome all this, God has provided all the fullness of his grace. It is the birthright of every child born in a Christian home to be led to these fountains of grace, where “a new heart also will I give you,” that is, new affections through grace. “A new spirit will I put within you,” that is, new purposes and aims and ambitions in life. In short, in a child’s conversion the life becomes united to Jesus Christ and the Christ life flows into the renewed child’s life—to use Christ’s own figure—as naturally as the vine life flows into the branch life. This is called conversion, or being born from above, or the beginning of a new life of living union with Christ, which changes all the future.

Here it would seem proper to pay a tribute to the home life of Lizzie Johnson, whose parents, doubtless helped by their pastor and other persons and influences, brought all this into young Lizzie’s life and started her on the upward way.

This is surely the birthright of a child born into a Christian home, and the parents, pastor and Sunday-school teachers who do everything else for the

child under their care and neglect this, do the child an irreparable, and, I think, an unpardonable and eternal wrong. In my little book *A Covenant-Keeping God* I have told the story of my saintly father praying all night for me, and the outcome, which led me to having a personal Christian experience. There came to me in answer to my father's prayers a conviction of sin and a desire for heart purity so powerful that I cried out for deliverance. I do not believe that the will of a child, by human influence alone, can be coerced into receiving Christ, but I do believe that in answer to earnest prayer there will come, through the promised operations of the Holy Spirit, such conviction of sin, and sin will become such a hateful burden, and there will come such a longing to be pure within, that a free choice by the child to receive Jesus Christ will be cheerfully made.

I think I cannot impress this truth better than by reproducing a letter from John Wesley, with its setting, which sets forth the secret of how John Wesley saved Great Britain, turned the tide of history, and shows the essential features of his conception of religion, and also the essential features of Methodism and the New Testament, but more particularly that of our Lord, which is much more vital.

Just as I am writing this there comes from England the marvelous story of a unique celebration of an anniversary of John Wesley's heart being "strangely warmed." "In England, the British Broadcasting Company controls the wire, and for four hours England could hear nothing from Eng-

land except a sacred and religious program. Five millions heard Wesley only." Wesley had preached forty thousand sermons, wrote and edited three hundred and thirty-three literary works. The report records the fact:

"The keynote of the marvelous celebration was found in Dr. George Eayrs' recent book, *Not "Back to Wesley," or "Ahead and Forget Wesley," but "Forward with Wesley"*; for the increasing magnitude of the man is being discovered, the extent of his work is being recognized, and the undying character of his influence is more and more being felt.

"The whole celebration centered about the quiet, brief, mysterious, but mighty experience of his heart being "strangely warmed" in Aldersgate Street just one hundred and eighty-eight years before—an experience that not only changed his life, and created an astounding organization, but, as the foremost statesmen and sociologists are unanimously admitting, changed the history of England and the world."

Before he had this experience he had all the honors of Oxford, but was an utter failure as a missionary; but how all changed when he was "born from above"!

I insert this here to help give, if possible, greater emphasis to the letter I am about to quote which reveals the whole secret of Wesley's ever-increasing world-wide influence.

It is said that John Wesley was never long diverted from what he knew to be his real business, namely, religion as he understood it; and this is another great secret of his world-wide influence. How

did Wesley understand religion? The briefest answer to this bold question is to reprint a familiar letter of his addressed to his nephew, Samuel, a son of his brother Charles. The young Samuel inherited the æsthetic taste of the family and had early become a self-taught musician. For one of his own musical compositions, a high mass for use in the Pope's Chapel, he had received the thanks of Pius VI. This, naturally enough, disposed the youth to think favorably of the Roman faith and he appears to have addressed a letter to his celebrated uncle inviting him to correspond on some of the differences between the two communions. To this letter the uncle replied as follows:

*"To Samuel Wesley, Junior,*

AUGUST 19, 1784.

DEAR SAMMY,

As I have had a regard for you ever since you were a little one, I have often thought of writing to you freely, and I am persuaded that what is spoken in love will be taken in love; and, if so, if it does you no good, it will do you no harm.

Many years ago, I observed that as it had pleased God to give you a remarkable talent for music so he had given you a quick apprehension of other things, and, what is of far greater value, a desire to be a Christian. But meantime, I have often been pained for you, fearing that you do not set out the right way. I do not mean that with regard to this or that set of opinions—Protestant or Romish. All these I trample under foot. But with regard to those weightier matters, wherein if they go wrong, either Protestants or Papists, will perish everlastingly. I feared you were not born again, and, 'except a man be born again,' if we may credit the Son of God,



'he cannot see the kingdom of heaven'; except he experience that inward change of the earthly, sensual mind for the mind that was in Christ Jesus. . . . But, alas! What are you now? Whether of this church or that, I care not. You may be saved in either, or damned in either. You believe the Church of Rome to be right. What then? If you are not born of God, you are of no church. Whether Bellarmine or Luther be right, you certainly are wrong, if you are not born of the Spirit. I doubt you were never convinced of the necessity of this great change. And there is now greater danger than ever that you never will be, that you will be diverted from the thought of it by a train of new notions, new preachers, new modes of worship all of which put together (not to consider whether they are unscriptural, superstitious, and idolatrous)—all, I say, put together do not amount to one grain of true, vital, spiritual religion.

Oh, Sammy, you are out of your way. You are out of God's way. You haven't given him your heart.

My dear Sammy, your first point is to repent and believe the gospel, know yourself a poor, guilty, helpless sinner. Then, know Jesus Christ and him crucified—and then, if you have no better work, I will talk with you of transubstantiation and purgatory. Meantime, I commend you to Him who is able to guide you into all truth, and am, dear Sammy, your affectionate Uncle."

If the reading of this life of Lizzie Johnson, with its lessons, shall help in awakening parents, pastors, and Sunday-school teachers to their united obligations and responsibilities and to the eternal loss to the child of their love, if neglected, and the glorious, unique, and matchless opportunities in this method of leading the children under their care to a conscious, living union with Christ, how abun-



dantly shall I be repaid and rewarded for writing the story of Lizzie Johnson and trying to unfold the secret sources of her spiritual power!

There is no other part of this whole story on which, to me, so great emphasis should be laid, as on this. Oh, that in our homes Christian parents could everywhere be fully awakened to this great lesson of Lizzie Johnson's home life!

### HER CONSECRATION TO SERVICE

Having had her heart renewed and "the love of God shed abroad in her heart by the Holy Spirit given unto her," it was a perfectly natural outcome that she should want to help those for whom Christ died. Here, again, may I pay another tribute to her parents, who kept missionary literature in the home to give the children vision and opportunity? To illustrate this point, let me quote from Lizzie's *Journal*:

"It was January 22, 1885, that Bishop William Taylor's party of pioneer missionaries sailed from New York to Africa. Up to that time the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Africa was confined to Liberia. Bishop Taylor and this party went to inaugurate new plans and to occupy new centers in the 'Dark Continent.'

"The party consisted of about forty-five people, and the names of Mead, Withey, Dodson, and others are readily recalled. My heart was deeply moved when I heard my father read of the sailing of this company of missionaries.

"Their consecration, faith, heroism, as indicated by the final interview held on board their steamer,

City of Montreal, created in my heart an intense desire to aid the work which they, under God, had undertaken. It then seemed impossible for me to ever be able to render any assistance to any work or any individual. I was pain-racked and helpless; unable to lift my head from my pillow; unable to dry the tears that flowed down my face.

"But God doth neither slumber nor sleep, neither is his ear heavy that he cannot hear. He heard my prayer, and I believe he kept record of my heart's petition."

The above quotation from Miss Johnson's *Journal* of her father reading to her this missionary story challenges attention as the mark of new knowledge, and, therefore, new aspirations; the play of initial power; the Spirit's whisperings concerning the great work which in later time followed.

From her father's reading to her this missionary news new shuttles began to play with a mystic force in the heart of this stricken one. Little threadlets began to fashion into a fabric that grew, to her own and the surprise of all who knew her, into a beautiful robe that crowned her beautiful life with a queenly womanhood, pure as the whitest snow, and a Christly ministry to help whiten the world. We have no record that she had thought of missions until her parents put these new items into her mind, but "coming events cast their shadows before them." And I have quoted from her *Journal* this incident because of how it thrilled her soul and related her to world-wide movements. From then on she had the missionary mind and world outlook. Here I am tempted to illustrate the value of the missionary mind by re-

producing as eminently applicable a brief statement from Doctor Kelley's life of that other wonderful shut-in missionary worker, Ida Gracey. It seems strange they did not know of each other as their lives were contemporaneous.

"When the Zuni Indians were in Boston, a large reception was given them by a philanthropist at his home. One stalwart Indian, feeling almost suffocated by the close indoor air, abruptly left the crowded parlor in the middle of the evening and strode out into the street, saying: 'Indian want room. Indian walk large.' The missionary mind 'walks large,' ranges, explores, investigates, discovers; knows what is going on in the world and feels fraternal toward all mankind, toward

" 'Men, my brothers, men, the workers,  
 Ever doing something new,  
 Things which they have done, but earnest  
 Of the things which they shall do.'

The alert missionary mind of this imprisoned sick girl saw and heard more through her keyhole than some globe-trotters can bring back report of from a trip around the world."

O that any who have the local, provincial mind might come to have the world-wide view of the missionary mind, which is sympathetic and helpful in relieving the suffering nations!

Doctor Kelley also copies a "tribute which appeared in Scribner's Monthly in December, 1911. Ida Gracey's friends who saw it were startled at the close resemblance. All who know her will agree that the verses fit her perfectly. Doubtless both of

these wonderful girls are exceptional, even in their heroic class, in blending the Spartan with the Christian virtues in a high degree, but they typify a large and noble class." In this class Lizzie Johnson certainly belongs, and I, therefore, as eminently applicable to her also, reproduce the poem from Doctor Kelley's book:

"I know a girl of presence fresh and fair.

She lies a-bed year-long, and so has lain  
For half a lifetime; flower-sweet the air;  
The room is darkened to relieve her pain.

"There is no hope held out of healing her.

You could not blame her if she turned her face  
Sullen unto the wall, and did demur  
From further breathing in her prison place.

"Not so; her sick bed is a throne wherefrom

She doth most royally her favors grant;  
Thither the needy and the wretched come,  
She is At Home to every visitant.

"They call her Little Sister; for her heart

Goes out to each that takes her by the hand,  
In sisterly devotion; 'tis her part  
To feel, to succor, and to understand.

"One never thinks of woe beside her bed,

So blithe she bends beneath the rigorous rod;  
She does not seem like one uncomforted,  
Her prayer-like songs go bubbling up to God.

"Hers is the inner secret of the soul;

Radiant renouncement, love, and fellow cheer—  
These things do crown her as an aureole,  
Making her saintly, while they make her dear."  
(Annie Johnson Flint.)

## CHAPTER VI

### THE WONDERS OF A PAINLESS HOUR

**L**IZZIE JOHNSON'S case so strikingly presents the mystery of pain which raises the question in many minds: "If God is a loving Father, why is there so much pain in the world?" There is no denying or evading the fact that pain exists and that it is a mystery. Why such a saintly worker as Mrs. General Booth should die of cancer raises a question the answer of which we shall not know this side of the other world.

I feel that I cannot write on the lessons of the life of Lizzie Johnson without discussing the problem of pain, and to be fair and true to the facts of life to frankly admit its existence and express my belief that it is God's natural order, and that pleasure and pain are both in the world of a good God. As in giving man a free will the possibilities of sin and suffering were involved in the moral world, so in the physical world there is no way to insure that sensation shall be always pleasant and never painful. If there are nerves of feeling and the uses of life are to be served by them, both pain and pleasure are inevitable. It is the very nature of a sensitive life to enjoy and to suffer. In the animal world there is a mixture of pain and exuberant life. All we can hope to do in this life is to find a principle that accounts for suffering and reveals its purpose. This

we find in that pain is educative as revealed in the simple principle that "a burnt child dreads the fire," and that a good God in training life toward perfection sometimes uses pain. For a full explanation of this we must trust to a good God and wait until we "know as we are known."

When, because of pain and suffering, I have been tempted to doubt God's love, I often have helped my faith by this kind of reasoning: I cannot doubt that God loved his "only begotten and dearly beloved"; nevertheless, God the Father in revealing through his Son his love for a sinning world, did not give Jesus a painless life. That the faith of Jesus was not shaken because of suffering is evidenced in that when in unutterable agony on the cross, Jesus spoke to God, using that most endearing title, "Father," and threw more light on the rewards of pain in the future life than all the books on theology, when, from the sufferings of the cross, he cried: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Personally, I am tremendously helped in putting beside the mystery of pain the wonders of the marvelous abundance of painlessness there are in the world. I like to put for my encouragement the mystery of pain alongside the unmeasured pleasure of painlessness which the overwhelming majority of eighteen hundred million of human beings enjoy the greater part of their lives, the vast majority of whom, unless they sin grievously against the laws of health, pass through life and into the higher life having only, like the caterpillar, the pains necessary for dying to the caterpillar life in order to move up into the larger butterfly life. I reason this way:

If on rational principles faith is shaken by the mystery of pain, upon the same principles it ought to be restored, established, and made unshakable by the greater mystery of painlessness. If God is rightly credited with all that dark side of human experience which is not due to moral evil, then also, in all honesty, he must also be regarded as the ultimate source of all painlessness enjoyed by human beings which, manifestly, is not of man's creation. When, however, pain and painlessness are fairly compared, it becomes plain beyond denial that the bright side exceeds the dark as truly and as much as the light and heat of the midday sun exceeds the cold illuminating of the midnight moon.

"For out of every hundred persons met in an ordinary day's intercourse, it is more than probable that ninety of them, at least, have never given a moment's thought to their bodies all day long, with just the exception of satisfying a healthy appetite at meal time. How the appetite comes, or how food does satisfy it, never occurs to them to ask. In short, they have scarcely remembered through all the hours that they have a body."

In order to get a balanced view of these two conceptions of life, it should be remembered that painlessness, like goodness, and respectability, in its ordinary forms, pass unnoticed, while pain and crime do not. Well do I remember the great Doctor Raymond, of Garrett, using in classroom an illustration from Chicago life like this: "A million decent people in Chicago do an honest day's work, go to their homes, sleep in their own beds, rise in the morning to repeat the process, and not a word about these



millions of decent people appears in the morning paper, and this goes on continually. But a few hundred drink, debauch, and murder, and of their doings the morning papers are full." So with painlessness and pain, painlessness and health go unnoticed, but pain is always noticed and usually commented on adversely.

Take my own case: I am just over seventy and have had 612,200 almost painless hours. The few hours of pain I have had have been due to maladjustment to tropical conditions. I wish I were able and had space to tell what it involves for a human being to have a painless hour.

Look at the structure of the human body, with 250 bones, including thirty-three vertebrae of the spine wonderfully tied together with ligaments, but these could do nothing without the muscles, of which there are at least five hundred. Of a hundred thousand people assembled to witness a football match, does any one of them spend a single moment in asking how it comes to pass that men can so eagerly run, so violently kick, or strangely twist, without putting all their limbs out of joint? Probably not. If, however, by some benevolent power they could be made to study fairly the ball-and-socket joints of the shoulder and the hip, and others equally important, they would fairly hold their breath at every match they afterward watched.

But that is a small part of the mystery. There is the blood. What, then, is the blood? Not a red fluid, as children and most men think, but a colorless fluid containing little microscopic bodies which make it appear red. How microscopic they are may



be gathered from the fact that in one drop of blood there are at least "5,000,000 of them" besides some "9,000 other little white bodies of greatest importance." These are nature's scavengers and our valiant defenders against disease. But consider now only the red: the ordinary man weighing, say, one hundred and seventy pounds, must have in his veins, according to Professor Huxley, a competent observer, "some 300,000,000,000" of these little red microscopic bodies, in order to have health.

Further, every child knows that his blood circulates, but how little thought is given to the heart so painlessly has its mighty work been done; but, of a truth, there is, proportionate to its size, no mightier work being done on earth. A little force pump six inches by four, beating some seventy times in every minute, that is, 37,000,000 in a year, so that if a man lives to be seventy his heart would have driven his blood "about four and a half ounces at each stroke, some 3,000,000,000 times," and he has thought little of it. Yet every twenty-four hours of his whole life this marvelous little engine has done work equivalent to "lifting thirty-two tons a foot from the ground," and painlessness depends upon the heart being always in good working condition.

Meanwhile, good spirits are said to depend on the liver, and it is true that a healthy liver is the *sine qua non* of painlessness, to say nothing of happiness. What does that mean? Only that a certain mass of brownish substance must be in working order. That is to say, "14,000,000,000,000 lobules, each containing some 300,000,000,000,000 atoms," must each be doing its part. It should be remembered that all

these must be in good working order, without strikes or quarrels, working together to give the painless hour. These facts and figures are not fictions. They represent reality and signify the fundamental conditions of painlessness. How many such hours has the reader had?

Side by side with this, breathing must go on, and the average man breathes one thousand times every hour and inhales "six hundred gallons of air," and he has no choice if he would live. How few of us think that in order to purify our blood through the oxygen of the air there must be in one's much-neglected lungs not less than "700,000,000 air cells." These cells contain also absolutely necessary capillaries—tiny tubes "which if stretched out in a single line would stretch across the Atlantic." The average painless man uses all these wondrous gifts of God "20,000 times every twenty-four hours," often without thought or thanksgiving.

Then side by side with all this is the fact that "all our thoughts and words and deeds depend upon what happens in the mere thin skin of the brain, the gray layer, which is only about one fifth of an inch in thickness, but contains some 9,000,000,000 cells." Associate with this the measureless mystery of the ramification of nerves all over one's body necessary to give life any enjoyment. "The spinal cord" is soon said, but its marvels are endless. Through it minute and delicate nerve threads are conveyed directly from all the body to the brain and from the brain to all parts of the body. A man has "more than 10,000,000 nerve fibers" more delicate than the wit of man can imitate which must be at

our service every painless hour. It was a small defect only in the spinal cord that gave Lizzie Johnson all her life's affliction.

Then what shall we say about our eyes? And each of us has two. A beautiful little ball in a tough protecting skin, provided with two lenses filled with transparent jelly and having at the back twelve distinct layers of delicate nerve-layers, containing "3,000,000 rods and 4,000,000 cones," all of which are absolutely necessary to clear vision. What is life without the eyesight?

And so one could go on indefinitely, for what have been named are but samples of the merest minimum of the conditions of painlessness, and when we think of each person having two eyes—and what a small percentage of people are blind—then carry this thought of seeing down through the animal, bird, and insect life—how many of us ever saw a blind bird?—and think of the centuries this has gone on, and to me the consciousness of the goodness of God is overwhelming. Still further, when one thinks of 1,800,000,000 human beings living at one time, and of all the generations that have gone before, and what a small percentage of them are, for any considerable period of their lives, in pain, does not the marvel of painlessness and the goodness of God come to be infinitely great?

Take as an illustration of this principle even the Johnson family. Lizzie, a most marvelously exceptional case, had thirteen years of painless life and twenty-seven years of pain, and this pain was only a "thorn in the flesh." All her mental and spiritual faculties were active and she lived a life of mar-

velous communion with God. Why the mystery of her pain "some time we'll understand."

Think of her father! All in one family, he had ninety years of almost painless hours, and all the rest of the family have had normal health.

Add to this such truths for our comfort that most of our pains are but alarm clocks warning us we are violating nature's laws and that pains are educative, that powers of blessing have been stored in affliction, and that pain "yields afterward the peaceable fruits of righteousness" and that "our light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

To appraise at all accurately the sufferings of Lizzie Johnson we would have to remember that her thorn, like Paul's, was in the flesh only. Then we would have to know what "eternal weight of glory" they have worked out for her, and for this we shall have to wait and trust to the goodness of God until we "know as we are known." I use the word "unparalleled" in this instance because such pain is so rare, and the use she made of it so amazing, that if anyone can parallel it, as Elihu, Job's comforter, said, "Let him bring forth his case."

Jesus did not withdraw from pain, for life with him was not meat and drink nor bodily comforts nor ease and honor; but it was the perfection of the soul, and for him the pathway into this spiritual goal was the cross. If suffering is the will of God, then it is good in disguise. It seemed to have been the will of God that the Son of man must be crucified before he could accomplish his life's mission and be raised to his eternal throne of power and bless-

ing. Does it not throw light on the problem of pain to ask the question, "Is the servant greater than his lord?"

It is related that Doctor Moule, Bishop of Durham, visited a coal-mine disaster at the time when there was outside a great concourse of wives, relatives, and friends, weeping and groaning and in unspeakable distress. The Bishop addressed them, admitting the inscrutable mystery of such a disaster; then told them of a bookmark left him by his mother which was worked in silk. He explained that when he looked at the wrong side he could see nothing but a tangle of threads crossed and re-crossed so that it all looked like a big mistake, but, he added: "When I turn it over and look at the right side I see beautifully embroidered,

"GOD IS LOVE."

Do we not too often look only at the wrong side, forgetting that

"God never does nor suffers to be done  
But that which we would do if we could see  
The end of all events as well as he"?

## CHAPTER VII

### LIZZIE JOHNSON'S ADJUSTMENT

**W**HILE the lives of Lizzie Johnson and many others have been lived on higher levels than common humanity, yet the principles involved in such living are applicable, in a goodly measure, to all lives. Lizzie Johnson's life of suffering was indeed beyond ordinary experiences, yet, as all suffer defeat and disappointment to a degree, there are principles involved applicable to all, and it seems a consideration of these should be included in a story of her life.

Let it be recalled that her life began as most other lives and continued until she was thirteen. Then she was attacked with her lifelong malady. What she did, and how she met it, is where the principles that influenced her life are applicable to most other lives.

There were various possibilities for her life, when all her plans and ambitions were thwarted. She might have become rebellious, morose, sour, and lived a very hard life. That would not have lessened her pain and would have given her neither compensation, pleasure, nor outlook. If the reader will recall the story of her childhood, school life, and plans for a musical and college education, and what she herself has recorded concerning her eight-year fight for health, and her mental and spiritual

struggles before she became adjusted to her lot, he can feel the very keenness of her disappointment. All this shows that Lizzie was as truly human as any of us, and that she was reared in a home with loving parents and surroundings that were normal.

I am helped to getting a better understanding of the life of Lizzie Johnson by placing it side by side with Paul's "thorn in the flesh," though I do not suppose that Paul's thorn in the flesh, in point of pain, was a pin prick compared with what Lizzie Johnson suffered.

In making analogies the cause of Paul's "thorn in the flesh" has always been to me one of the most startling statements of the New Testament: "That I should not be exalted overmuch there was given me a thorn in the flesh." It startles me to think that even Paul, the apostle, might have lost his way and his spiritual power and have lived a comparatively fruitless life. Alas, alas, how many times it has happened in the lives of men and women God had chosen for great service! Have you ever tried to imagine what the loss would have been to the Church of Jesus Christ through the centuries if Paul had become "exalted overmuch" and lived a life of confidence in Paul and worked in the energies of the flesh rather than in the power of the Spirit, without Christ's dwelling in him and becoming to him wisdom, insight, and outlook? God in his love for his church through the ages kept Paul humble, and is there not here a great sidelight on the problem of suffering? So with Lizzie Johnson, if she had not had her "thorn in the flesh" she probably would have carried out her family plan, have



gone through college, might have become "exalted overmuch"—for she had more than ordinary ability, and was naturally full of ambition, as her *Journal* shows. Thus she probably would have lived a life above the ordinary, but nevertheless, died in comparative oblivion, and added little to the advancement of Christ's kingdom. But how different the "thorn in the flesh" made both lives! To get adjusted to God's will took Lizzie a long time, but her real life-work and victories did not begin until after that night when she became adjusted, of which she wrote:

"As I prayed this question came, 'Are you willing to consent to a life of suffering?' The question was a trying one. At that moment my desire to be released from suffering, to be strong and independent was fairly consuming. 'Must I consent to such a lot?' my heart cried out. 'Are you willing?' came the question clear and strong. The struggle was hard indeed, but my heart yielded and I was able to answer, 'Yes, Lord, if it be thy will.' Rebellion fled from my heart, joy filled my soul, sweet sleep came. When I woke in the morning everything and everybody looked different to me. My soul was light in the Lord, my heart had in it a new hope, my life a new purpose. It seemed a new sun had risen, shedding forth an effulgency of grace and beauty. Truly the dawning of the light maketh all things new. From that night in May, 1890, the night I answered 'Yes' to God, I date my victory."

The foregoing teaches us all that to pray until reconciled or adjusted, as did Paul and Lizzie Johnson, is the right thing to do when all our self-made

plans are frustrated. Paul records: "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me." Have you ever tried to fancy the intensity with which a man of Paul's characteristics would pray before he would yield to a lifelong "thorn in the flesh"? Speculation is in vain as to what it was, but the figure suggests something that was a constant source of irritation, a pricking thorn. Though Paul prayed and though Lizzie prayed, in both cases, no doubt, with great earnestness, yet in both cases the thorn remained. That does not mean either that in no case will God answer and heal nor that their prayers were not answered. Their prayers were answered in both cases in that both in a chosen sphere received grace sufficient to enable them in a marvelous manner to glorify God in their bodies and spirits which are his. While I believe that no one can be a true Christian and doubt that Christ can heal the body now as he did when on earth—we have had remarkable cases of healing in India—yet these two cases make it clear that it is not God's will that all should be healed, but that, rather, some render greater service with a "thorn in the flesh."

#### ADJUSTED

They both became adjusted; that is, they accepted their lot and through God's grace began to co-operate with God. Paul's impatience became gentleness. His restlessness under the thorn became confidence and sacred jubilation. After he became adjusted—not before—hear him testify in joyfulness: "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

Wherefore I take pleasure in weaknesses, in injuries, in necessity, in persecution, in distress, for Christ's sake, for when I am weak then am I strong." When Paul was thus rejoicingly adjusted what do we see? A little man with a thorn in his flesh against Asia—yea, against the centuries—for is not his adjusted influence increasing with the ages? The promise given him in answer to his prayer has comforted millions through the centuries. He was given this promise: "*My grace is sufficient for thee,*" and then a working principle was added: "*For my power is made perfect in weakness.*" With such a promise of divine help the thought of being defeated with so small a handicap as a "thorn in the flesh" became absurd, a contradiction of terms.

"My grace is sufficient for thee" was the lifelong text of Mrs. General Booth, through which she accomplished her marvelous life service and endured her physical suffering. When, through cancer, she became so weak that she could no longer read this text on the wall, she had it brought so near her bed that she could look upon it, and through it endured triumphantly until she heard the Master say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Through this all-sufficient grace she so won the hearts of the people of England that I was told by one present at her funeral that it had to be held out in the Commons, and that he, sitting on the platform and shading his eyes, looking out over an audience that covered acres, could not see the last of the immense weeping company.

It is told of Spurgeon that once coming home

weary on the train, on Saturday morning after a week of lectures, and looking for a text for the five thousand people that would wait to hear him in the morning, he was given "My grace is sufficient for thee." He soon thought of John Bunyan's story in *Grace Abounding*, of how his soul was like a pair of scales with the wrong end up, until after "My grace is sufficient" he threw in the personal application of the promise, "*for thee.*" Then immediately the scales were right end up. Spurgeon has told that, "As I saw all that is implied in this matchless promise, I broke out in joyous laughter," and adds: "I never knew till then what the holy laughter of Abraham was like. It made unbelief absurd."

I once read with interest in the British Weekly Doctor Jowett's story of his farewell sermon before leaving Carrs Lane Church, Birmingham, for New York. He says he read the New Testament through for a text and selected, "This one thing I do," and from that reviewed his ministry and testified that he believed that the one thing he had outstandingly done in his whole ministry was to "universalize the promises of God," proclaiming with ever-increased emphasis: "There are no promises of comfort in the Bible for prophet or apostle that are not for all God's people." Therefore, to all who may read this book the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee" is all for you, no matter what your "thorn in the flesh." The lesson is it was thus getting adjusted that made Paul and Lizzie Johnson what they were. Are you, beloved reader, adjusted?

I am tempted to illustrate by telling a personal experience. I have had almost continuous health

through my missionary life, but about a year ago I was taken with a tropical disease called sprue, which so took my strength that I was kept from traveling as I had in other years, though I kept on working until I would have fallen down at my last ordination service had not the elders thrown their arms around me and carried me along. Then I went to bed, and, accepting Paul's and Lizzie Johnson's principle of adjustment, I came to believe that God had something for me to do while in bed. I, therefore, have written this book and various other things while lying in bed. I began in Bangalore and am finishing it in bed at Clifton Springs. I suppose it was not easy for Paul in his busy life to lie for years in prison, but if he had not, then the church through the ages, without his Epistles written in prison, would have been poorer. Did not God know why he permitted Paul to be imprisoned, and John to be banished to the Isle of Patmos? All this should teach other sufferers to trust God and get adjusted to thorns in the flesh and to interruptions that break up all of one's life plans. Is not this the suggestion, that, like Lizzie Johnson, we should all turn all our afflictions to the "furtherance of the Kingdom"?

Does not Lizzie Johnson's life say to all of us, "Since she through all her years of pain kept up her spirits, surely I can keep up mine in my smaller testings?" Think, further, of how she was helped because she had the missionary heart, and, therefore, the world outlook. Through the keyhole of her door she heard the cry of the oppressed and suffering in lands beyond the seas, and living to help them gave

her a commission which helped her beyond our imagination. If, beloved, you would overcome and be useful, even with a handicap, let me whisper, "Go thou and do likewise," after waiting patiently on the Lord for guidance into the sphere of service which Providence shall open for you.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE ELECTIONS OF GRACE FOR SERVICE

“**A**S Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth, and his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.”

I am Methodist born and bred, yet I believe in election. I believe “the election of grace” includes the whole human race. “He tasted death for every man.” But, Alas! alas! Many refuse to be candidates, and, therefore, do not make their “calling and election sure.” To my thinking, it greatly relieves the question of election to keep in mind that most, if not all, the elections mentioned in the Scriptures are elections or selections for service, a call to a mission, and not to eternal life or eternal death, and the rejections are rejections because unfit for the special service to be done. When that living generation of the children of Israel were rejected because of their lack of faith and were not permitted to go into the promised land, but were turned back in the wilderness, that did not make it impossible for them to repent and inherit eternal life; it only meant they were not ready for the special service of taking possession of the promised land, and this principle runs through Bible elections.



As I have thought of the suffering in this life of Lizzie Johnson and her service, I may be mistaken, but it is my thought that she was chosen for that service "that the works of God might be manifest in her." Hands off God's elections to service through suffering. Peter wanted to keep Jesus back from the cross. Supposing he had, who can estimate the loss? If Joseph, that lovely boy, had not been sold into slavery, when the famine came there would not have been corn stored up to save either Egypt or Palestine. If Joseph had not gone to prison would not the whole current of the world's history have been changed for that which was infinitely worse?

When Jehovah sent Jeremiah down to the potter's house and he saw the potters out of the same clay making vessels for all sorts of purposes and remaking over again broken vessels, then the word of Jehovah came to the prophet, saying: "O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? . . . Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel." There can be no proper appraisal of Christian service unless we are related to God and eternity. Did not Paul write: "If we have only hoped in Christ in this life, we are of all men most pitiable?" Since we can now think of Lizzie Johnson as having entered into her "inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven" for her, can we believe she regrets she suffered as she looks back to her great trials for the proof of her "faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried by fire"? Then add to her salvation her reward for service. As she meets those she

helped from many lands, will not all for all eternity be forgotten in the glories of the fellowship and rewards that are eternal? Would it not largely lessen the heartaches of all, if we could learn to have hands off God's providences? If we could learn to endure and rejoice as "seeing the invisible"?

One of the saddest stories I ever heard was told in my Calcutta pulpit by an elderly minister of unusual ability of another denomination to this effect: When he was a young man he was chosen, elected to a very special interdenominational work, and he had also a clear conviction that it was also God's call. To accept broke into some private plans, and he testified with tremulous voice and in tears: "I hesitated and delayed and one morning read in the church press that another man had been appointed to that work, and from then till now I have felt that I have gone through life in a second place and not the place for which God had prepared me, and, through his church, elected me." Paul's rejoicing was, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." So with Lizzie Johnson. God grant that this man's testimony may save others from that man's life sorrow.

#### WAS I ELECTED TO BE RELATED TO HER WORK?

I will let each reader answer this for himself as he reads my story. As a study in providential guidance and as the most convenient form in which to tell the story of the quilt, I think this question has a place. It will be remembered that before 1904 I knew nothing of Lizzie Johnson; that almost twenty different people asked me to go and see her before

returning to India. I went, was tremendously impressed, wrote a tract at Lizzie's request to help her get a larger constituency for her bookmarks, which she reported helped her more than any other one thing. I showed her quilt, raised \$600 for her, left for India, and felt that I was through. I realized that hers was a wonderful life, but she was in America and I belonged to India. So, thinking I was through with it all, I sent the money and returned the quilt.

I returned to General Conference in 1908, but cannot remember that during that visit home I had anything to do with Lizzie Johnson's life story or her quilt. Yet it is but the simple truth to testify that the vision of that sweet, white, pain-chiseled face illumined with bright, dark eyes, encircled with rich, black hair, toiling for missions through long years in constant pain, has been to me an inspiration through all the years, her missionary spirit saying to me, "If Lizzie Johnson could keep up her spirits through all her years of pain and toil on day and night, surely you ought to do as much."

But before I returned to the General Conference of 1912, Lizzie and her mother had both entered into the larger life of the heavenly world. When I arrived at 150 Fifth Avenue, there was there a letter from Miss M. Alice Johnson, Lizzie's sister, which told the story of Lizzie's translation and closed with: "Father and I have talked it all over, and as you were the only one who has ever taken any interest in Lizzie's quilt, we have decided that the quilt shall be yours and have sent it on to New York to meet you when you arrive." So, to my great sur-

prise and without ever a thought of such a thing happening, I found myself in possession of Lizzie Johnson's quilt. So far as I have been informed, from 1904, when I returned the quilt, to 1912, when I received it in New York, it had lain unused in Lizzie's home. In fact, so far as I know, no person except myself has ever shown the quilt to an audience anywhere. Having the quilt and remembering my experiences when I raised the \$600, I took the quilt with me and on suitable occasions at the close of an address I told the story, showed the quilt and let the people make their offerings. In connection with the taking of these offerings I had some intensely interesting experiences and learned some lessons which I believe have world-wide application. One I now relate:

While I was home in Centenary work, I spoke to a Sunday-morning congregation in one of our greatest churches, and at the close of the address I told the story of Lizzie Johnson's quilt—a story pathetic enough to melt a heart of stone. I spread out the quilt and stood beside it within the altar, and asked the people to come and shake hands and place their offerings for the work in India upon the quilt. As I stood there, I saw coming down the aisle a man and his wife having every appearance of great wealth, and I hoped for a large offering. But as the man approached, he did not even look at the quilt, but reaching out to shake hands, said, "Haven't we a beautiful church?" I had not seen the church; I had seen needy India behind me, and a great, wealthy congregation before me, and I had been pouring out my heart for an hour for India. This

family (I learned afterward, I was not mistaken about their wealth) passed on and out, but not a cent did they place upon the quilt. They were followed by a poor widow. She approached, weeping, but with a face beaming with love for Jesus. She took from her neck two cheap necklaces, probably worth each about a quarter. These were the mementoes of a happy wedded life, but she handed them to me, saying: "I have no money. This is all I have; but I must give something." What caused the difference? The man and his wife loved this world and the widow loved Jesus. I have often heard it said in the homeland that if the people at home knew the facts concerning the mission field, they would furnish the funds. My experience has been that those who love Jesus will furnish the funds, and those that love the world more than Jesus will pass by, as that rich man and his wife passed by the Lizzie Johnson quilt. Christ Jesus knew that the magnitude of the gospel commission is immeasurable; that the difficulties, humanly speaking, are unsurmountable; that the sins from which the nations are to be saved are innumerable and appalling. He, therefore, knew that to accomplish such a task there must be a real transmission of his divine love into human hearts.

Is there any other power that will impel the Church of Jesus Christ to continue to sacrifice and serve until the "kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ?" Jesus knew that the only permanent source of impelling spiritual power is love. Therefore, when for the last time he commissioned Peter he only asked—what an in-

finite variety of theological and other questions he might have asked—but he only asked, “Lovest thou me?” When satisfied with Peter’s answer, then he gave Peter his lifelong commission: “Feed my sheep,” “Feed my lambs.” When shall we all come to recognize with Jesus that in all schools of thought it is only those who love Jesus who are winning for him the kingdom.

In speaking one day at the General Executive of the Women’s Foreign Missionary Society, Los Angeles, 1915, I showed the Lizzie Johnson quilt to a vast audience, told them I was about to return to India and could make no further use of the quilt, and offered it to that great society. I placed it on a prominent place on the platform as my offering and waited for some acceptance and watched that vast audience of elect missionary women empty the great auditorium and not even one gave the slightest indication of a desire to accept the quilt. When all were gone, in a very mixed and confused mental condition, I folded up the quilt and took it with me to my hotel. I did not sleep much that night, trying to solve the (to me) mystery, but before morning came I had reached the conclusion that it must be the will of God that I should make some further use of that quilt. It had never before occurred to me to take it to India, but that night I felt called to do so. There are so many stories in India about America’s wealth that it is hard for our Indian people to believe there need be any difficulties in getting from America all the money needed, and often when missionaries did not get it, Indian Christians have been disposed to dis-



count the missionary and disbelieve him when he said he could not get more money out of America's boundless wealth.

The poor Christians of India naturally reasoned: "Why should we give out of our poverty while America abounds in such wealth?" I, therefore, showed Lizzie Johnson's quilt and told the story widely among our people, and showed them, as I have earlier stated, that it was largely the people who love Jesus who give to missions. It is still true that many—not all, thank God—of America's rich people pass by the missionary call as the rich man and his wife passed by the Lizzie Johnson quilt in the story I have told. I think the Lizzie Johnson story and the showing of her quilt did more to make our Indian people understand the missionary situation in America than any other story. Our missionaries had the story translated in the various vernaculars in which they worked until the story is generally known throughout our Indian church. The thrilling story was also translated into Tagalo in Manila, and so is widely distributed.

I have no record of how much money has been raised on the quilt. It was turned into the general fund. The largest single gift I ever received on the quilt was \$10,000, from which, with what was raised in India, a great high-school building was erected. I am of the opinion that, directly and indirectly, \$100,000 would not be an exaggerated estimate of what has been raised through the telling of the story of Lizzie Johnson's quilt. But, to my thinking, the exact amount raised is the smaller part of the mission of the Lizzie Johnson story and her quilt.



It is the example of her consecration, her spiritual victories, and her continued service of love in long-continued sufferings that has sent forth an educational and inspirational influence to the ends of the earth. I will give a few selected examples.

I assume that it was because of the special interest I had taken in the Lizzie Johnson quilt that after Lizzie's translation and when her sister Alice had carried on the closing up of Lizzie's work until she raised an additional \$5,000, that she first offered it to me, asking what I could do with it. I told our laymen of our Indian self-supporting church in Cawnpore—the first tithing church we had in India, and a congregation that greatly needed a new church—that I had this money and that if they would raise sufficient more to erect a suitable church for their growing needs I would give them these \$5,000. They were made so ashamed of what little they had done and so stirred by the Lizzie Johnson story, that they accepted the challenge and so magnificently carried out their part that the Lizzie Johnson Memorial Church in Cawnpore, the Manchester of India, is among the finest, if not the finest church for our Indian people that we have up to date in any city in India. It has electric lights, fans, and a fine organ—all the gifts of our Indian people. To give an idea of the activities of this memorial church, I will select their Sunday school. I have before me the report for 1915, I presume an average year. In the Central Sunday School held in the church they had eighteen classes with an average of thirteen in a class. They had twenty-six teachers and eight reserves for emergencies, and all

expenses were paid from the Sunday-school offerings. They held forty-eight teachers' meetings during that year with an attendance of 98 per cent. In addition to the Central Sunday School held in the church, the laymen of the church held as a voluntary service weekly thirty Sunday schools among the non-Christians in the Mohallas of the city, teaching them the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Sermon on the Mount, and to sing Christian hymns. When it is remembered that the Sunday school, with its singing and Bible stories, has been the John the Baptist of India's mass movement, it is hard to adequately estimate the value of this voluntary work by the laymen of the Lizzie Johnson Memorial Cawnpore Church. Can any of our great home city churches make a better record? And is there not in this voluntary work of our Cawnpore laymen, holding Sunday schools among the non-Christians of that great city, a suggestion to our great body of laymen in the city churches of America to do similar work among the vast foreign population in America's great cities? Would it not be great if their example from the mission field should inspire the Christian laymen of our churches in American cities to inaugurate a great nation-wide voluntary Sunday-school movement among their city foreign populations? Who will lead?

I recall telling the Lizzie Johnson story one Saturday night at an Indian District Conference and then showing the quilt. On Sunday morning the missionary said to me, "I did not sleep much last night."

I asked why, when he replied: "The preachers

called me up at all hours of the night under such conviction that they could not sleep, and said in substance, 'Since we have heard the story of Lizzie Johnson we are ashamed of the indifferent way we have worked. We want to confess our sins of indifference and negligence and make a covenant with Jesus Christ that we will put an entirely new energy and consecration into all our service. Further, we had no idea that people in America toiled like that to raise missionary money. We thought that America was such a rich country that they could almost gather money off the streets, the trees and out of the streams, and we did not see why we should be careful of it, nor why we should ask our poor people to make sacrifices; but the story of Lizzie Johnson has changed all our ideas, and from henceforth we will not only be missionaries ourselves, but we now see and know and shall put forth every effort to have our people out of their poverty do what they can to make the Church of Jesus Christ self-supporting in India.' "

One of our missionaries tells this story: He called at one of our Indian preachers' homes and asked the wife, "Where is your husband?"

The wife replied, "I do not know. I have scarce seen him since Conference."

The missionary asked, "Why since Conference?"

The wife replied, "At Conference he heard what he calls the 'Lizzie Johnson story,' and says he is so ashamed of all his past life that he now stays out almost all the time among his people."

This is but a sample story of the influence of Lizzie Johnson on the preachers, churches, and

young people in our schools in various parts of India.

Here is a story from the Rev. C. B. Stuntz, son of Bishop Stuntz, and who is in the heart of a great mass movement in the Punjab:

“The Chaudhris were meeting for a three-day conference prior to the month of Evangelistic Campaign. There were more than a hundred and fifty present. Leaders though they are of our Christian community, for the most part they are untaught, ignorant men, with only natural shrewdness and educated in the school of hard knocks. By great good fortune we had the pleasure of having Bishop Warne with us. At the climax of his stay with us he told the story of Lizzie Johnson and showed her quilt. I shall never forget how fully and clearly those men took in the meaning of that story. At the end, one of them stood up and said, ‘We too would like to make an offering, and if the Bishop will spread out that quilt on the table we will put all we have on it.’ We did as he suggested, and after prayer these men came up in a file, and put nearly a hundred rupees in an offering on the quilt as a tribute to the spirit and work of Lizzie Johnson.

“This was not the end of the matter. About two weeks later I was out in a village which had been but newly baptized. After the pastor and I had said what was in our hearts, the leader asked if he might say a few words. I gave permission, and he arose and told the story of Lizzie Johnson, ending with a vigorous exhortation that we ought to emulate her spirit and example. Again and again during the year I met with such incidents. That story

traveled far and wide throughout the district. Lizzie Johnson, made a living personality by Bishop Warne, has done a widespread work of grace in the hearts and lives of many of our village leaders."

From letters put into my hands by her younger sister, written to Lizzie by missionaries and others from Africa, China, Korea, South America, and other lands, I find that Lizzie Johnson's life story had a similar effect in these other mission fields to that which it has had in India. Thus her life of suffering service has helped the infant churches in many lands to understand the sources from which missionary money comes and encouraged them to self-sacrifice to help themselves, and no one who has not been on the field trying to overcome the people's ideas of the boundless wealth of America can understand what that is worth to the cause of self-support on the many foreign fields of our work in the various lands in which we operate.

In addition to this, there comes from Africa another kind of testimony which is also true around the world: "The missionaries personally were helped by this life of such perfect consecration and resignation. It cheered them in the hours of trial and sickness to know of the suffering saint at Casey, Illinois, who was working that the work to which they had been called might not lag behind. We have thought of her when we have been sick with the African fever and her life encouraged us to bear it."

So far I have confined my story to missionary work, but how can I refrain from revealing a larger field of Lizzie Johnson's activities by reproducing a letter from a sailor boy:

U.S.S. "Kentucky," U. S. Navy,  
YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

MISS LIZZIE L. JOHNSON, *Casey, Ill.*

*My Dear Sister in Christ:* I am glad to tell you that your noble letter did me much good. A letter from a true and sweet Christian is a blessing to my soul, while a letter from a worldly friend may be soon forgotten, but never so with God's children. I am sending you a letter enclosing a \$20 Treasury note for which please send me one hundred seventy-five Marks; I will send samples on board our other ships and receive orders; I believe the Lord will help me in this work. I have told the men on the "Kentucky" about your great suffering, your faith in the Saviour and your noble work; and I am glad to say to you, sister, you have the sympathy and esteem of every one of us.

You are very kind to speak of sailors as brave men, facing the dangers of the sea. Yes, at times there are dangers in the deep; and sailors in general are a brave set of men when in good health; but when a sailor hears of continuous suffering like yours, and like you, braving it all in the hope of sending gladness and sunshine into the hearts of others, seeing thus your Christian courage, we sailors count our own bravery but insignificant.

That you may have the assurance of our good will and wishes toward you, we trust you will kindly accept these small silk flags from your sailor friends. A flag of each nation from which the man or men came from when they enlisted under the "Stars and Stripes," to defend the same. Each little flag is from each sailor a token of esteem and best wishes for you. The first is Danish, the flag under which I was born in 1859. Follow the numbering consecutively and you will see the flag of Norway, Sweden, English Navy, German Navy, Russia, Holland, Italy, Austria, China, Greek, Scotland, Ireland.



Old Glory speaks for itself. We the sons born under other flags, feel honored to be the servants and defenders of the "Stars and Stripes." It is our flag now, and God bless it and keep it spotless in the esteem of all the world.

God bless and keep you, dear sister. Kindly give my best regards to your dear mother and the rest of your loved ones.

I remain your faithful servant and brother in Christ.

MAX HANSEN,  
U. S. Navy.

I have no way of knowing the extent to which this story has had influence at home. When home working for the Centenary the Board of Foreign Missions printed my brief story in tract form, containing Lizzie's picture and a picture of the quilt, and sent it out, as I remember, in an edition of fifty thousand. One of our missionaries arriving in Seattle at Easter time went to our First Church there on Easter Sunday morning and wrote me that the pastor's Easter sermon was the story of Lizzie Johnson, preached from the text: "And fill up on my part that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake which is the church." How far such things were general I have no way of knowing; but doubtless it all had its influence and it is my hope in writing this book in which the story is in much fuller form that the story may have a wider circulation, give much more definite information, and be projected far into the future.

I received a request some time ago from Lizzie's sister asking me to write this book and giving as her reason that after the translation of her ninety-



year-old father (the father, since the writing of that letter, has been translated) she expected to work in any way the Lord would lead for the rest of her life in raising funds in Lizzie Johnson's name.

I have now made over the quilt to M. Alice Johnson, Lizzie's sister, to carry on the good work, and, therefore, assume that with the writing of this book I am relieved of further responsibility and make all over to others to carry on the good work.

Before I close this chapter there is one thing, however, that has been on my heart from the beginning that I feel I must put on record. It is that I have felt through the years that there ought to be some great institution on the mission field—I hope in India—such as has not yet been erected, as a memorial to Lizzie Johnson. I have thought of the home church having a band in each congregation studying her life, catching her spirit, filling up the sufferings of Christ and helping raise funds for such an institution. I have often thought that whatever that would do for the foreign field, I feel that such a story read throughout the whole church would be of inestimable value to the young people of the church who are in the coming generation to be the burden-bearers in the cause of missions. Although Lizzie was a Methodist and the writer of her story is a Methodist, yet the Methodists have no monopoly on this story. It is the story of a remarkable consecration and is the property of the whole body of Christ. If our Methodist people do not see their way to have such a memorial, then I, for one, do hope that some sister denomination or denominations will catch the spirit and bring it to fruition.

What is your answer to my question, "Was I elected to be related to her work?"

Just here, dear reader, if you have health or influence or time or money—even though little—will you pause reverently and say to your Lord and Master, "Here am I, use me," and give the Lord of the harvest a suitable period of time in which to show you how you may have your share in the reaping and in the reward?

## CHAPTER IX

### A COMPLETE REALIZATION

**D**URING the autumn of 1923 I preached in our Hokkein church in Rangoon. There was present a business man from China, now a resident in Rangoon. This man had never before been in a Christian service nor heard a Christian message, but in passing the church was attracted by the music and came in. He listened to the gospel message and, at the close, the story of Lizzie Johnson's quilt was told and of the love of Jesus shed abroad in her heart by the Holy Spirit, which gave her a love for the people of the Orient which caused her, through all the years of her suffering, to continually work for them. Then the quilt was thrown over the altar and an invitation given to those who would give themselves to Jesus—that had been preached and that had put this heavenly love into Lizzie Johnson's heart—to come and kneel at the altar beside the quilt and give their lives to Jesus. A goodly number came, and among them this man from China who had heard for the first time the gospel message. That he, on the first hearing, should give himself to Jesus Christ, largely touched because Jesus had done so much for Lizzie Johnson, and become his devoted follower, is the remarkable element in this story. He has remained true and is now one of the chief pillars in our Rangoon Hokkein Chinese church.

The other remarkable outcome of that service came about in this way: The Chinese pastor's wife was not at the service, so the pastor asked the privilege (which was granted) of taking the quilt home and showing it to his wife and of telling her the story. When the quilt was in the parsonage one of the first to come in was the father of the pastor's wife, a well-to-do business man, the keeper of a fancy goods shop in Rangoon. Now, it so happened that he had bought a little Chinese slave girl and was keeping and using her as a domestic slave, a thing not uncommon even among some Chinese Christians in Burma, but when he heard the Lizzie Johnson story and saw the quilt, he became convicted of living in sin. He went home, gave the slave girl her freedom and put her in our mission school, and now, instead of being a slave, she is free and being educated. When in Rangoon, in 1925, I became so much interested in this story that I had the lady in charge of the school give me the redeemed girl's photograph, which is here reproduced. I have called this chapter "A Complete Realization," because the reader will remember that the chief burden on Lizzie Johnson's heart as she made the quilt, "every stitch of which caused pain," was to redeem and educate an African slave girl, and now, thirty-six years after the quilt had been finished, not from Africa, but in Burma, a slave girl from among the great people of China has been redeemed and is being educated, and the burning desire of Lizzie Johnson's heart as she made the quilt has been realized.

As her life of service while suffering in the flesh

is recalled, can anyone doubt that above and beyond all physical sense Lizzie Johnson had a faculty—not the intellect, but the religious faculty—which cleaved its way, in spite of almost insurmountable physical pain, past the things of sense and lived in Christ and Christ lived in her?

One of the chief ways in which faith can establish itself is through the testimony of others through the ages. If Lizzie Johnson had trusted to sight and sense as the source of her knowledge, could she have lived such a life? But through faith, which is the opposite of sight, the religious or sixth sense, she, like Moses, endured as seeing the invisible. By faith she rose above the physical world in which the instrument of knowledge is sight, and lived in the spiritual world, of which our souls are a part, where the instrument of knowledge is faith. Through faith she shifted the center of her life from the world which is seen to the world which is unseen. Like Abraham, who discovered the world of the soul and became the father of the faithful, Lizzie Johnson, while in her frail body, laid up for herself treasures in one of the many mansions reserved for her in the glory world. Should not the testimony of such a life strengthen the faith of all?

Shortly before her translation she was asked, in a letter from a friend, for her favorite scripture, and he received in reply the following rapturously victorious letter:

This is Sabbath and a bright specimen of nature—so bright, calm, and clear. It makes me want to be well and go to church, but 'tis a nice lesson we learn when we ascertain our place and are content

to remain therein. In your letter you ask what is my favorite psalm and hymn: Psalm 116 is my favorite. Read this and you will know my experience. "I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice and my supplication, because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." There was a time when I was so crushed with years of constant illness and disappointment that I nearly lost confidence in everyone and everything I knew except my mother's love. But that precious mother-love held me until I felt the need of my Lord. This is my favorite hymn:

"Just as I am without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidst me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!"

My work is heavy and has been so for weeks. I work far beyond my strength daily and suffer much during the night from overwork, then begin afresh in the morning. Yet I love to do it and am thankful for the opportunity of working. May our dear Lord bless you more and more.

Ever your sister,

LIZZIE L. JOHNSON.

I will now insert an additional fact in the story of Lizzie Johnson's suffering which has not before been mentioned, but for two reasons ought not to be omitted. It reveals greater affliction than has heretofore been presented to the reader, and also reveals greater triumphs of faith and spiritual communion with God.

In the early sickness of Miss Johnson an internal growth caused from an injury in childhood grew into a hardened fibrous tumor, which at intervals seemed to change its location. This necessarily



LIZZIE JOHNSON MEMORIAL CAWNPORE CHURCH





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caused periods of violent illness and intense suffering to the invalid, sometimes lasting for a period of six weeks. On one of these times the growth pressed on the nerves controlling the vocal cords, causing the entire loss of voice. The sister was sitting by her bed talking to Lizzie when she had a paroxysm of coughing which was uncontrollable. When it had ceased she was unable to utter an audible sound. The local physician was summoned and after an examination he found that the growth had moved in such a manner that it pressed upon the nerves controlling the vocal cords, causing absolute loss of voice.

Many persons might have thought this was sufficient reason for quitting the heavy work which was made necessary by the bookmarks, but instead of that, the next morning Lizzie and her sister started in to learn the deaf and dumb alphabet, and the writing of letters and packing of bookmarks was continued without interruption. It was six months that she lay in this condition. During all this time of silence, the heavy correspondence and the sending out of bookmarks was in no way neglected. Was not this an amazing output of energy?

After six months another hard attack of severe illness seized her poor, weak body. One night the sister was trying to adjust a pillow for relief in a measure. Both tried so hard, Lizzie to make her wishes known, and the sister to please. Finally the sister went to her room. Soon she heard someone talking in Lizzie's room, and on entering, found Lizzie talking to her father with the same tone and strength with which she had always talked. The

father had dreamed she had called him, and on going to her room, said, "Lizzie, did you call me?" To his great delight she replied in her natural voice, "No, father, I did not call you." The attending physician was again called and announced that the growth had again moved, releasing the pressure on the nerves controlling the vocal cords, allowing them to function properly. Of this period of vocal silence Lizzie wrote, making the following record of spiritual revelations:

"When on May 1, 1905, I suddenly lost all vocal power, what might have been great surprise and regret, or the cause of grave apprehension, was entirely banished by the felt presence of Jesus cheering and sustaining me.

"In this, as well as in all other crucial points, I found him just ahead of me. I was not compelled to wait or cast about to find him. That day his presence filled my heart full and overflowing, filled my room, filled the entire house; heaven seemed very near. I had at times previously pictured death as a cold, dark river into which all must some time descend—a river with valleys of deep oppressive shadows. I fancied we would see Jesus standing on the opposite shore beckoning us over, and we, by the stroke of death and chilled by the cold waters would be enabled to pass through, by keeping our eyes steadily fixed upon him.

"All such fancies were swept away from my mind that day. All fear of death vanished. Jesus was so near, his presence assured me that, instead of beckoning me from the other shore he would carry me through the deep waters and the 'valley of the shad-

ows,' and I feared no evil. 'Oh, what shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to me?' For affliction and privation he gives blessing and compensation.

“‘Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign;  
No changes of season or place  
Could make any change in my mind.’”

This period of excessive pain and silence occurred during 1905, or four years before Lizzie's translation in 1909. During that period of silence she prayed that she might live until she had sent for foreign missionary work \$20,000. Like the story of the heroes of faith recorded in the eleventh of Hebrews, where among many other marvels they "obtained promises," so Lizzie Johnson obtained a promise that she should live until she had sent the \$20,000. So after four years more of pain, one night, early in September, 1909, when alone, she made up her accounts, which showed that she had sent exactly \$20,000. The next morning, when her father entered her room with her mail and to adjust her writing desk, Lizzie held up her emaciated, almost transparent hands, and said: "God has kept his promise. I have sent my \$20,000. My work is done. Take all out of my room."

Then she continued: "Father, bend down close to me so you can hear." Then twining her arms about his neck, she said: "You have been so good to me and made so many sacrifices for me, and you would lovingly continue so to do, but I'm going home now. O that you could go with me! We would fly away to-

gether and see mother and Jesus. Do not weep, father, for it is sweet to die and go home."

Her doctor was called and her father has recorded that: "I was standing by her bedside with the doctor. She was suffering intensely. She looked at the doctor and asked if she was going to die. He said, 'Yes, Lizzie, you must die.' She asked how soon. 'Will I live another week?' The doctor replied, 'No, Lizzie, it may not be twenty-four hours.' She turned her eyes quickly and sweetly to me, her face lighting up as she said, 'Oh, how sweet! Oh, how sweet!' Those were her last words on earth and soon Lizzie was with her Lord."

The following quotation which she transcribed with her own hand from some unknown source and left among her papers is her farewell testimony of her faith in God. I reproduce it here to reveal yet more perfectly the fullness of her victorious Christian experiences:

"The sufferer is not one whom God has forgotten. Sooner will a mother forget her only child; sooner will the patriot turn traitor to his country's flag; sooner will angels cease to chant the Te Deum of the highest heaven; sooner will the church militant cease to war against sin and bear no longer the ensign of Calvary to a lost world; sooner will God himself cease to mark the orbits for circling worlds and let the universe fall into chaos; sooner far will all this come to pass than the time when the Father of love shall cease to guard with gentle solicitude the sufferer who looks to him for refuge.

"To such as trust him he giveth songs in the night. Though no chastisement for the present seemeth to

be joyous but grievous, nevertheless it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby. There is compensation, but it is only for those who receive the discipline of life in a teachable spirit. How the sufferer endures life without God is hard to see; and to be without the good things of this life and have no hope for the life to come, is a state too sad to think upon. But for all who are in sorrow or sore trial of any sort there is the power of transfiguration in their suffering.

"The sick room and the disappointed secluded life have worked the most wonderful transformations and triumphs that the angels of God ever witnessed."

Appended to the above were her words: "Lord, I confide all to thee. Thou wilt not break the bruised reed. Help me to preserve the teachable spirit and the humble heart."

Did ever an inspired poet portray better than Cowper in his immortal hymn the mysteries and wonders of God's providences as worked out in Lizzie Johnson's life?

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

"Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

"His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain:  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain."











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